

MARVEL
ANNUAL



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SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN
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**SPI-
DEY'S
TOTALLY
TINY
ADVENTURE**

**PART
2**

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™

WHAT COULD BE
WORSE THAN FALLING INTO THE
MICROVERSE??

MARY JANE--
GET ME OFF
THIS CRAZY
THING!!

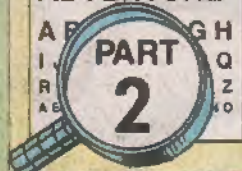


John
Lester

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN

SPI-DEY'S TOTALLY TINY ADVENTURE



THE STORY SO FAR...

While attending New York's Fourth Annual "Tomorrow Exposition" on a freelance photo assignment, Peter Parker (a.k.a. the Amazing Spider-Man) found himself reduced to miniscule size after accidental exposure to Ant-Man's shrinking gas. Teaming up with the tiny titan to defeat a gang of techno-terrorists, the web-slinger discovered to his chagrin that Ant-Man's enlarging gas couldn't restore him to normal size. Now Spidey must find a cure for his condition or spend the rest of his life as the world's smallest non-mutant super hero...

C O N T E N T S

SPIDER-MAN in "INTO THE MICROVERSE" 2

by Gerry Conway, Stan Lee, Rich Buckler, and Mike Manley

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by Glenn Herdling and Todd McFarlane

SANDMAN in "THE CHOICE" 40

by Tony Isabella, Ross Andru, Alan Kupperberg, and Mike Esposito

ROCKET RACER in "WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION" 54

by Tony Isabella and Alan Kupperberg

DAN CUDDY—assistant editor

JIM SALICRUP—editor

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"INTO THE MICROVERSE"

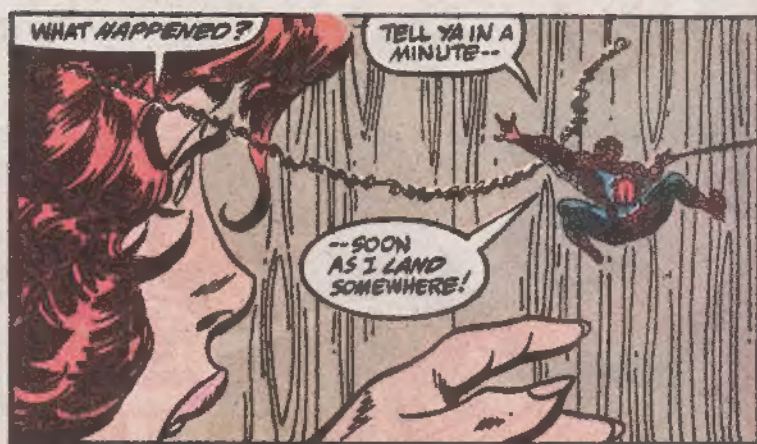


GERRY CONWAY PLOT	STAN LEE SCRIPT	ROB BUCKLER PENCILS	MIKE MALEY INKS	RICK PARKER LETTERS	BOB SHAREN COLORS	JIM SALICRUP EDITOR	TOM DEFALOO EDITOR IN CHIEF
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PETER!
IS THAT-- YOU?!

I THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT
ASK!



WHAT HAPPENED?

TELL YA IN A
MINUTE--

--SOON
AS I LAND
SOMEWHERE!



BEING AT ALTERED SIZE HAS MESS'D UP MY
NORMAL WEB-SWINGING COMPUTATIONS--
--AERODYNAMICALLY
SPEAKING, THAT IS!

IF YOU DON'T
STOP THAT
GIBBERISH
AND SAY
SOMETHING--!



THWIP

SORRY, GREEN
EYES! I'M JUST
TALKING TO TRY TO
KEEP YOU CALM!



CALM?!?
I'M ON THE VERGE
OF HYSTERIA!

YOU WENT OUT
OF HERE A NORMAL
HUMAN BEING--AND
YOU COME BACK LIKE
A HIGH-FLYING TOM
THUMB.

WILL YOU PLEASE
LIGHT SOMEWHERE WHEN
I'M SCREAMING AT YOU!!

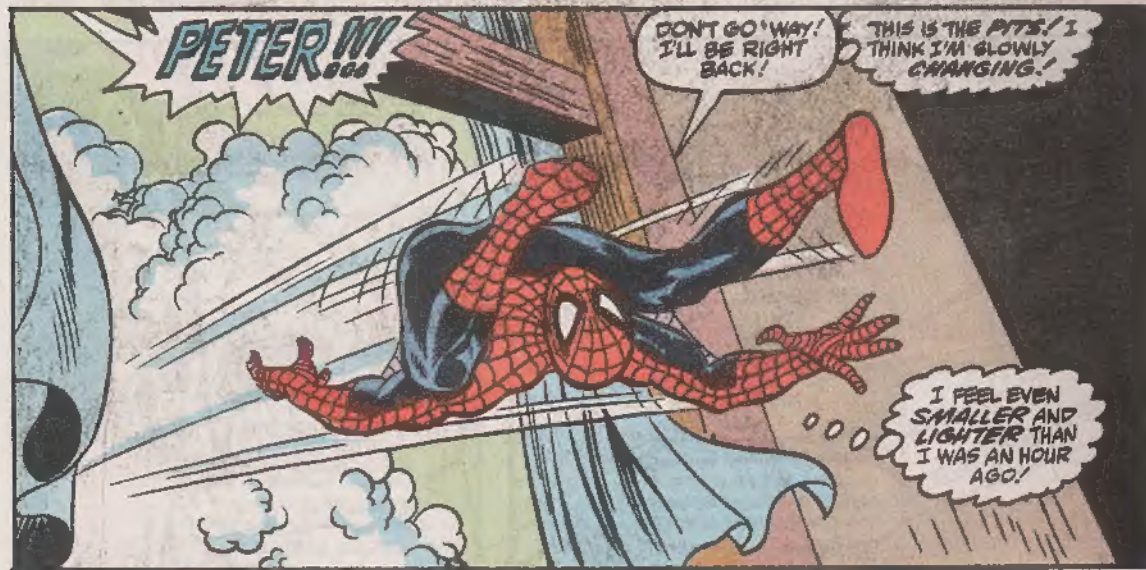
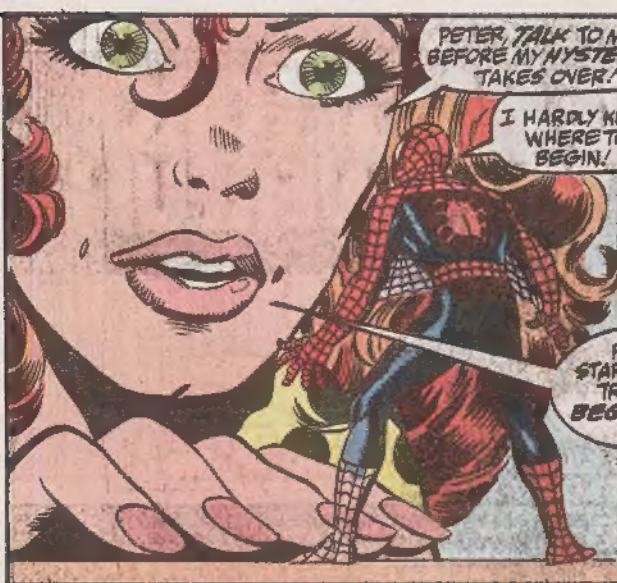


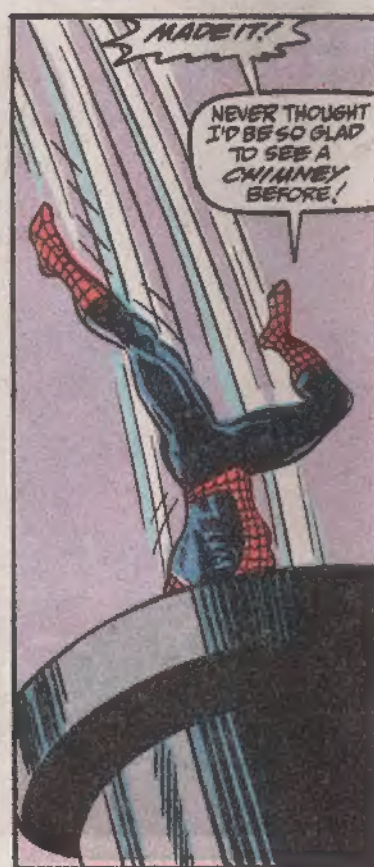
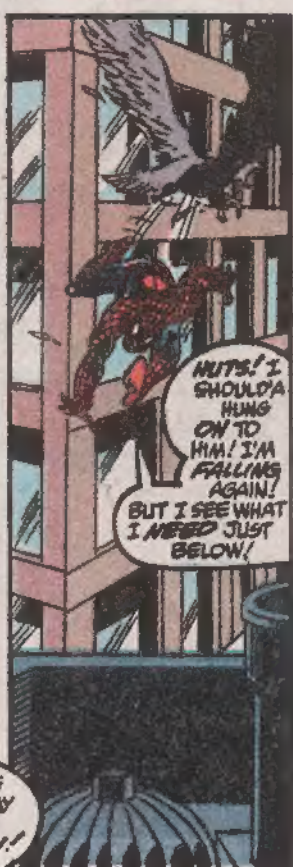
DOGS! SORRY I
SPILLED THAT CAN
OF FLOUR!

HOW CAN YOU
MENTION FLOUR
AT A TIME LIKE
THIS?

WELL,
CONSIDERING THE
PRICE OF
GROCERIES--

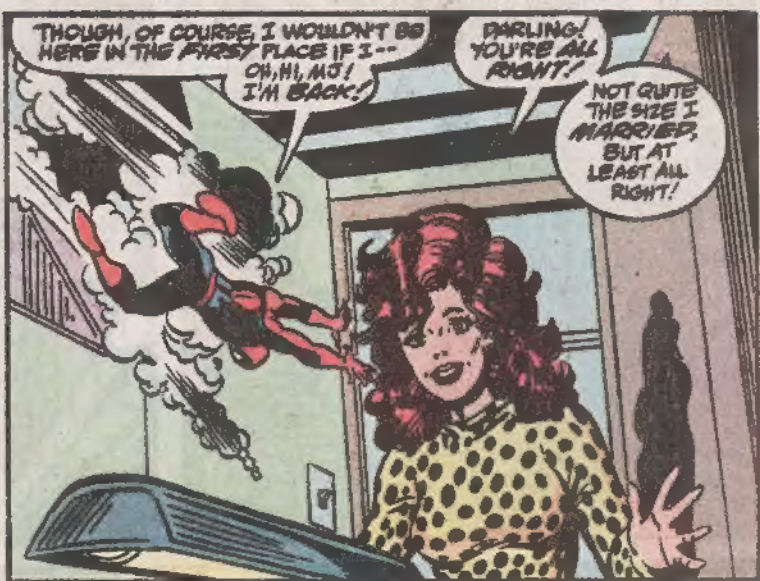
FORGET IT, SPIDEY!
SHE'S IN NO MOOD FOR
CASUAL BANTER!







IT'S LUCKY I AM SO SMALL! I'D HAVE BEEN CRUSHED IF I WAS NORMAL-SIZED!



THOUGH, OF COURSE, I WOULDN'T BE HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE IF I -- OH, HI, MJ! I'M BACK!

DARLING, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

NOT QUITE THE SIZE I MARRIED, BUT AT LEAST ALL RIGHT!



THERE'S JUST ONE THING I WANT TO KNOW...

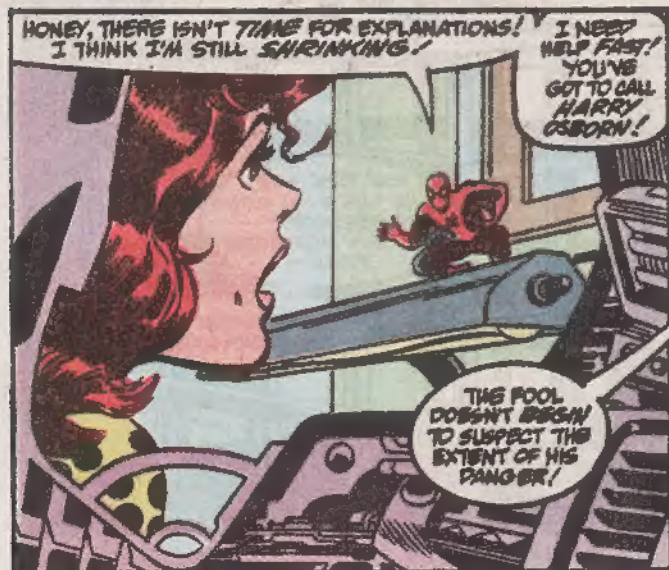
WHAT'S THAT?



CAN WE TALK?

LOOK, I KNOW THIS MUST BE UPSETTING TO YOU!

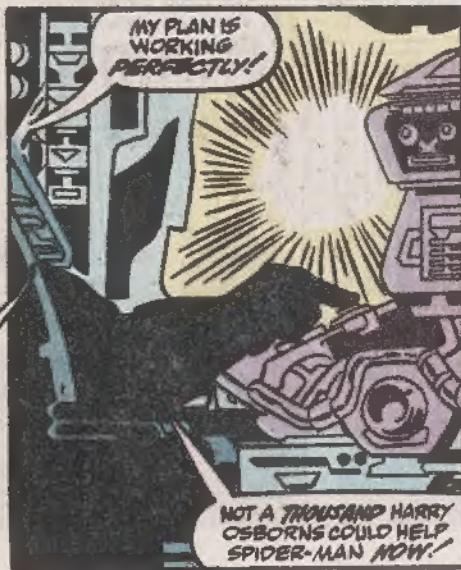
WHAT WOULD EVER GIVE YOU THAT IDEA?



HONEY, THERE ISN'T TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS! I THINK I'M STILL SINKING!

I NEED HELP FAST! YOU'VE GOT TO CALL HARRY OSBORN!

THE POOL DOESN'T BEGIN TO SUSPECT THE EXTENT OF HIS DANGER!



MY PLAN IS WORKING PERFECTLY!

NOT A THOUSAND HARRY OSBORNS COULD HELP SPIDER-MAN NOW!

OF ALL THE PLANS I'VE EVER CON-
CEIVED--

--THIS IS
SURELY MY MOST
BRILLIANT, MY
MOST PERFECT!

AND THE
SUPREMELY
DIABOLICAL
PART OF IT
IS--

-- THE VICTIM
IS TOTALLY
UNSUSPECTING!

I KNOW HOW
YOU DESPISE AND
DETEST ME, FOR
I AM YOUR CAPTOR!

STOP YOUR
WHINING, MY
PETS! THERE
IS NO ESCAPE
FOR YOU!

HOW YOUR
HATRED SUSTAINS
ME! I FEED ON
YOUR LOATHING!

IF EVIL HAS
A NAME, IT
MUST BE
MINE!

BUT OF ALL MY
CAGES, ALL MY
CONQUESTS--

-- THIS IS SURELY
THE MOST FATEFUL, THE
MOST MOMENTOUS!

FOR THIS IS THE
ONE THAT SHALL SOON--
AND FOREVER--
IMPRISON MY GREATEST
PRIZE--

-- THE UNSUSPECTING
SPIDER-MAN!



THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO ANALYZE THE CHEMICAL MAKEUP OF THE GASES THAT HAVE PERMEATED YOUR COSTUME!

MEANWHILE, AT THE LAB OF HARRY OSBORN...

STOP SQUIRMING, WILL YA? I'VE GOT TO DO THIS!

HURRY IT UP, CAN'TCHA? EVEN A SUPER HERO CAN BE TICKLISH!



OKAY! THAT DOES IT!

THINK YOU CAN FIND AN ANTIDOTE, HARRY?



I DUNNO! IT WOULD BE TOUGH ENOUGH UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

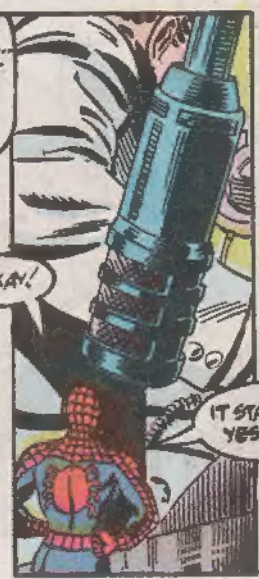
BUT WITH YOU SLOWLY SHRINKING THE WAY YOU ARE--!



BUT, HARRY--IF HE DOESN'T STOP SHRINKING--!

DON'T SAY IT! DON'T EVEN THINK IT!

LOOK, WHILE I'M WORKING-- TELL US HOW IT HAPPENED! MAYBE WE'LL FIND A CLUE!



OKAY!

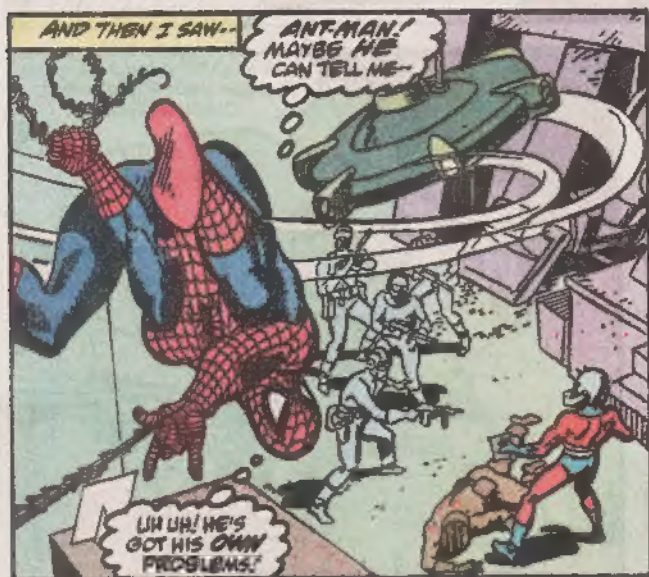
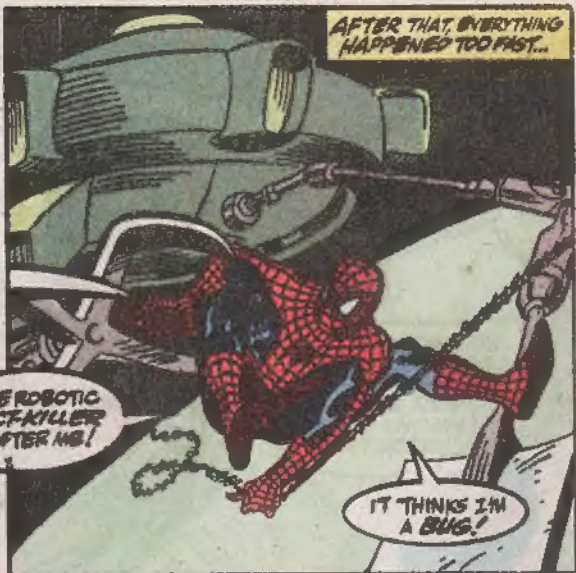
IT STARTED YESTERDAY...



I HAD STAYED TOO LONG AT THE "TOMORROW SCIENCE EXPOSITION"--

MJ'S WAITING FOR ME AT HOME!

I CAN TRAVEL FASTER AS SPIDER-MAN!



IT SEEMS I HAD ACCIDENTALLY INHALED HIS SHRINKING GAS AT THE EXHIBIT!

HERE, MY ANTIDOTE WILL MAKE YOU GROW.

NOTHING'S HAPPENING!

IT DIDN'T WORK!

TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW!

SO HERE I AM-- GETTING SMALLER BY THE MINUTE!



CAN YOU HELP HIM, HARRY?

IF I CAN FIND A WAY TO REVERSE THE ALTERATION OF HIS MOLECULAR STRUCTURE!

BUT IT'LL TAKE TIME, LOTS OF IT!

BUT UNBEKNOWNST TO OUR HEROES...

THIS IS THE PLACE!

THE DRUG CARTEL SAID WE'LL FIND THE CHEMICALS WE NEED IN THERE!

THEY'LL PAY US ANY PRICE FOR THEM!

I -- DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS!

EVEN IF THERE IS AN ANTIDOTE --

AT THE RATE YOU'RE SHRINKING, I'LL NEVER FIND IT IN TIME!

PRETTY SOON I'LL LOSE SIGHT OF YOU, EVEN WITH THE STRONGEST LENS!

NOW TELL ME THE BAD NEWS!

DO!

FREEZE ALL OF YOU!

CRASH!

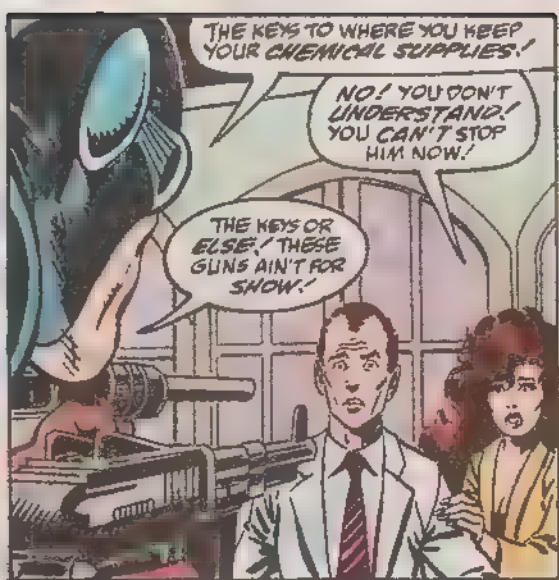
MAKE ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD!



WE'RE IN LUCK! NO GUARDS! THIS'LL BE A CINCH!

THE KEYS! QUICK! LET US HAVE 'EM!

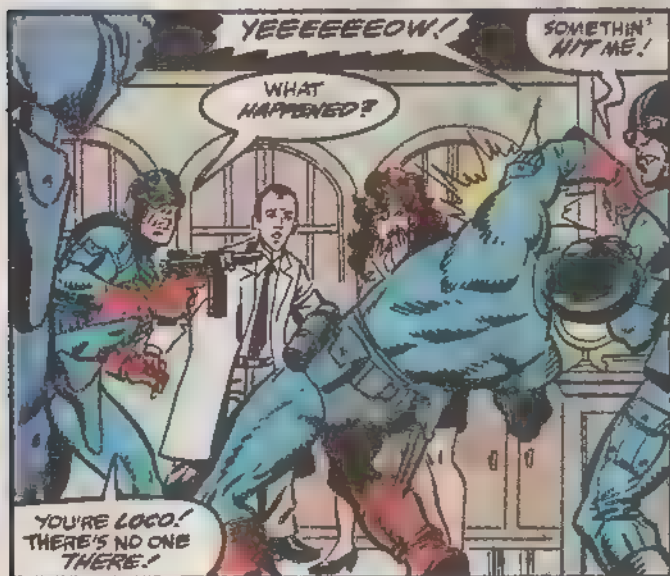
WHAT KEYS? WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



THE KEYS TO WHERE YOU KEEP YOUR CHEMICAL SUPPLIES!

NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU CAN'T STOP HIM NOW!

THE KEYS OR ELSE! THESE GUNS AIN'T FOR SHOW!



YEEEEEEOW!

SOMETHIN' HIT ME!

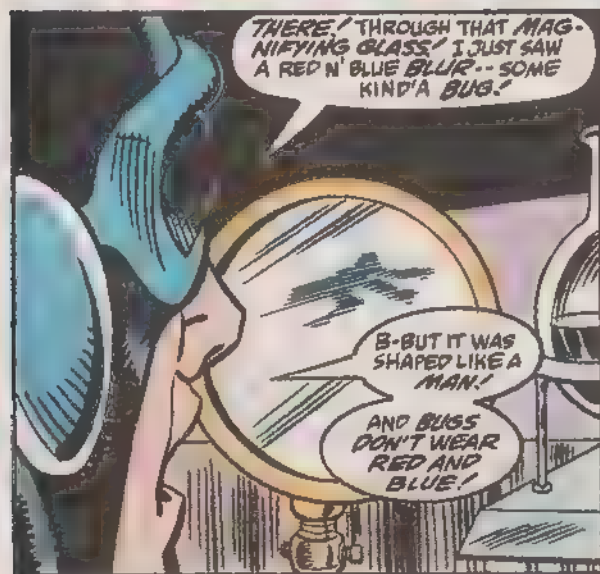
WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU'RE LOCO! THERE'S NO ONE THERE!



SPTOK

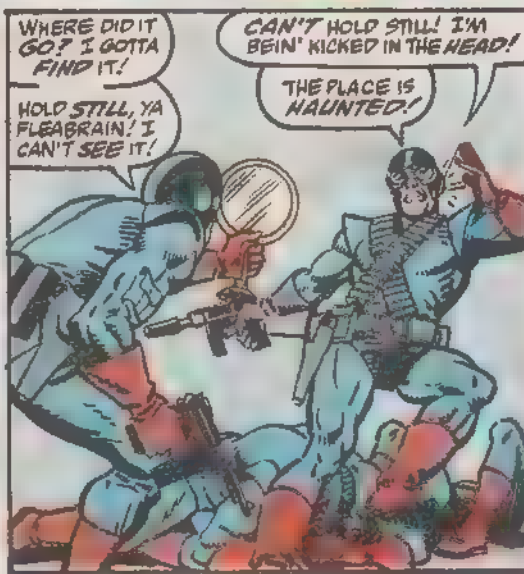
UNGHA! IT GOT ME TOO!



THERE! THROUGH THAT MAGNIFYING GLASS! I JUST SAW A RED N' BLUE BLUR-- SOME KIND'A BUG!

B-BUT IT WAS SHAPED LIKE A MAN!

AND BUGS DON'T WEAR RED AND BLUE!

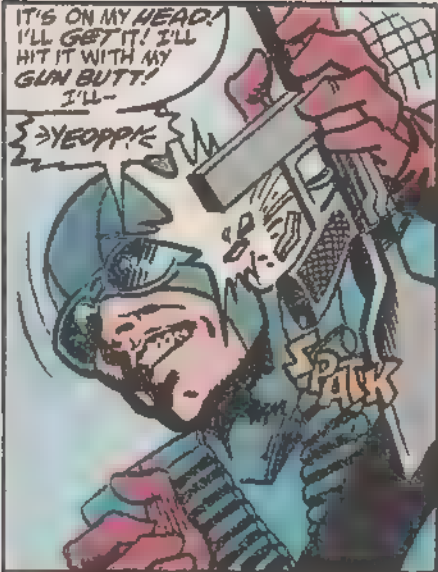


WHERE DID IT GO? I GOTTA FIND IT!

CAN'T HOLD STILL! I'M BEIN' KICKED IN THE HEAD!

THE PLACE IS HAUNTED!

HOLD STILL, YA FLEABRAIN! I CAN'T SEE IT!



IT'S ON MY HEAD!
I'LL GET IT! I'LL
HIT IT WITH MY
GUN BUTT!
I'LL--
YEOPPIE

SPARK



THE MORON KNOCKED
HIMSELF OUT WITH
HIS OWN PIECE!

3 HEADS UP!

THERE'S
SOMETHING
SWINGIN'
TOWARDS
YA!

I CAN'T
TELL WHAT
IT IS, BUT--



S'MATTER, CHARLIE?
YOU NEVER HEARD OF
TINKERBELL?

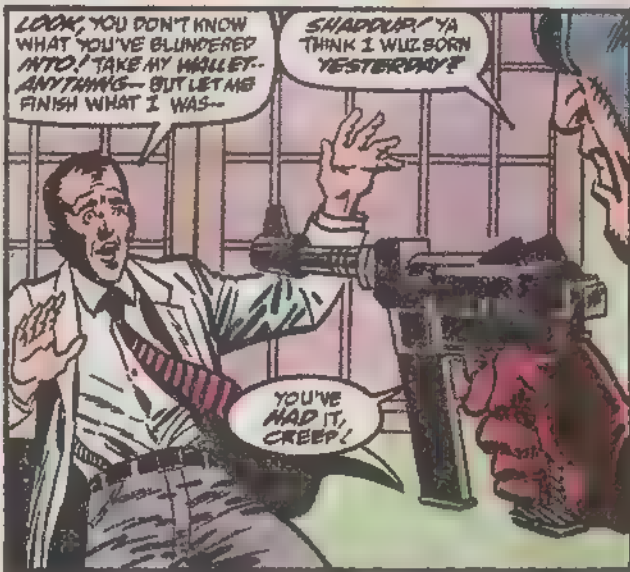


OKAY! THAT SNAKS IT!
NO SHART-MOUTH INSECT
MAKES A FOOL OUTTA
ME!



I DUNNO WHAT THE
TRICK IS, OR HOW YA
DO IT--

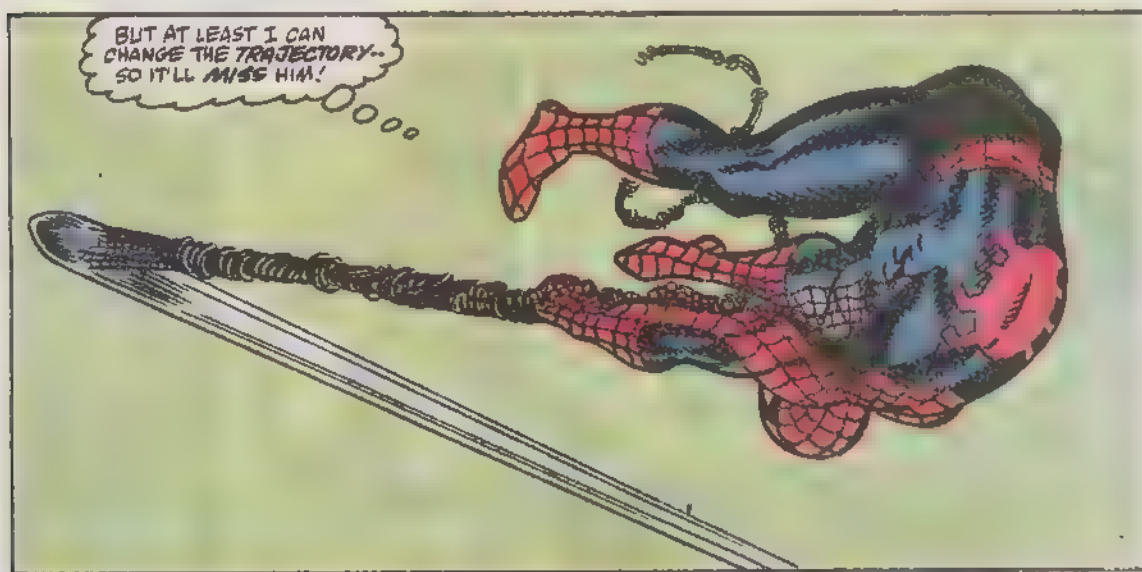
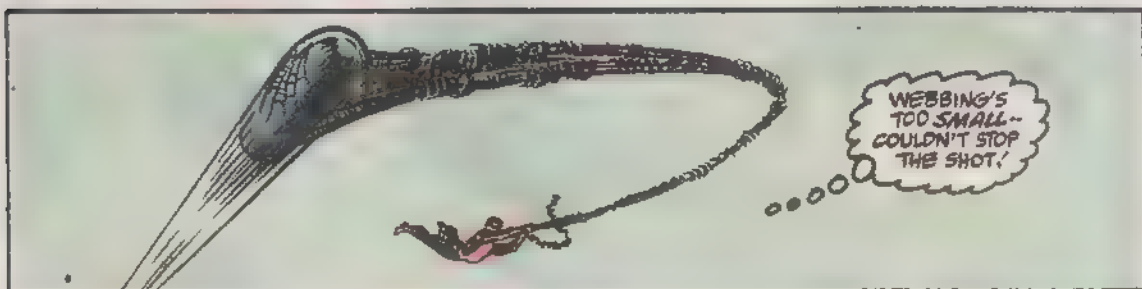
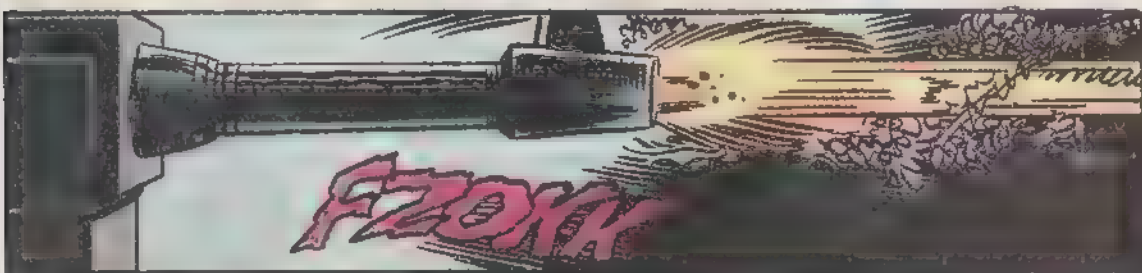
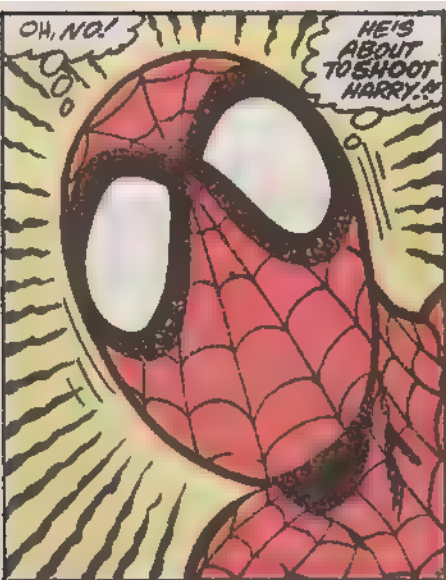
--BUT YA BETTER
CALL OFF THAT HIGH-
FLYIN' BUG OF YOURS
BEFORE YA SWALLOW
A MOUTHFUL OF LEAD!

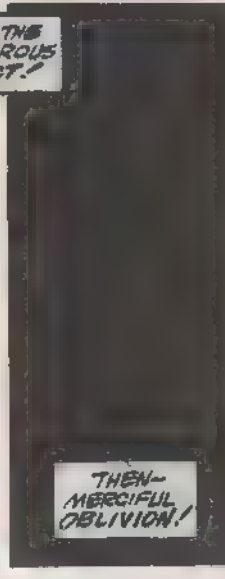
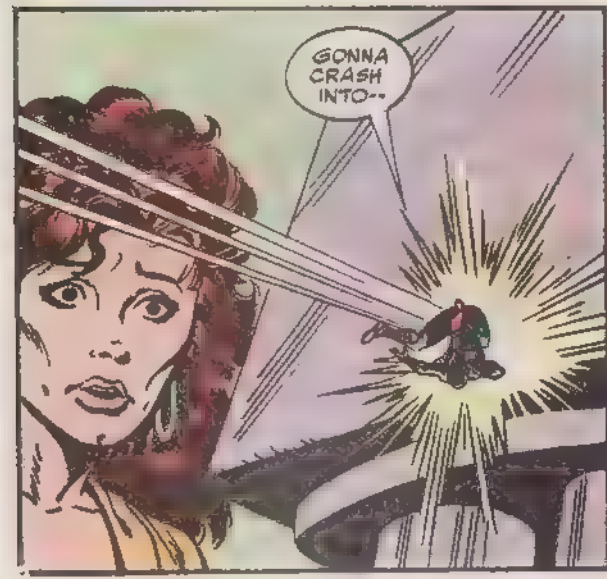
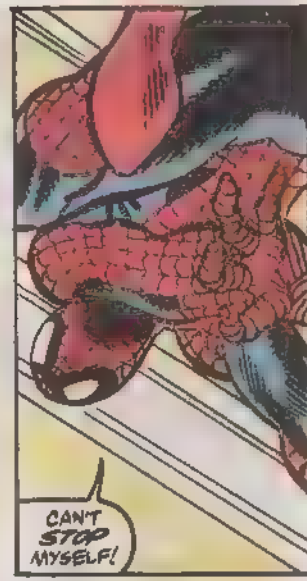
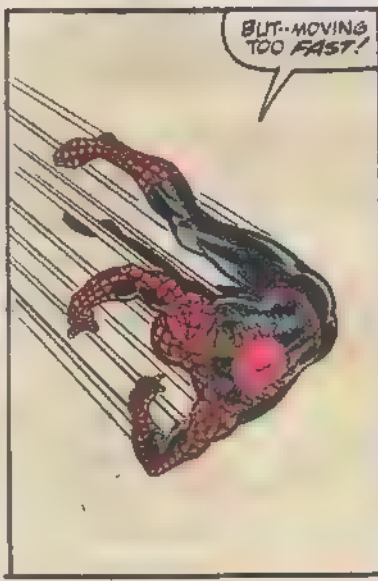
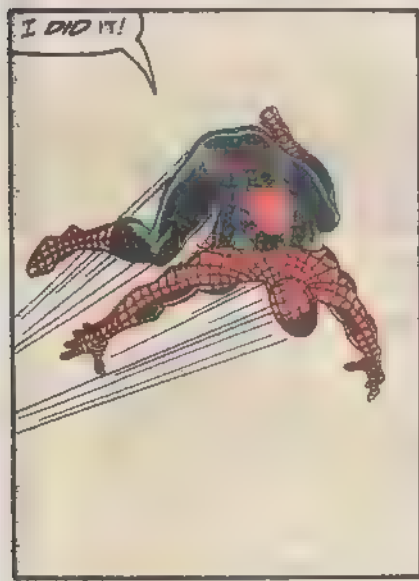
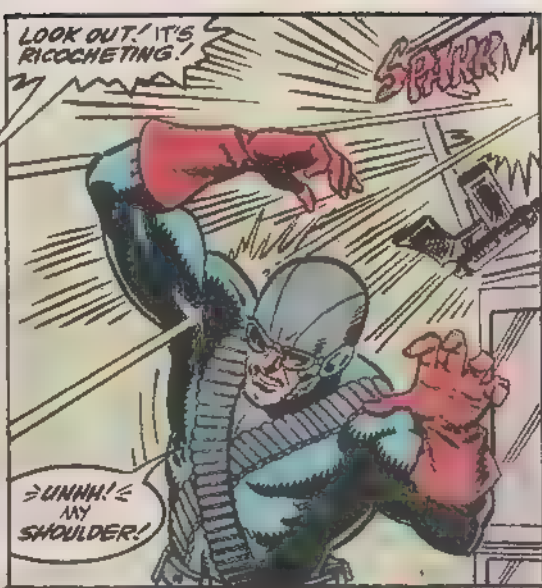
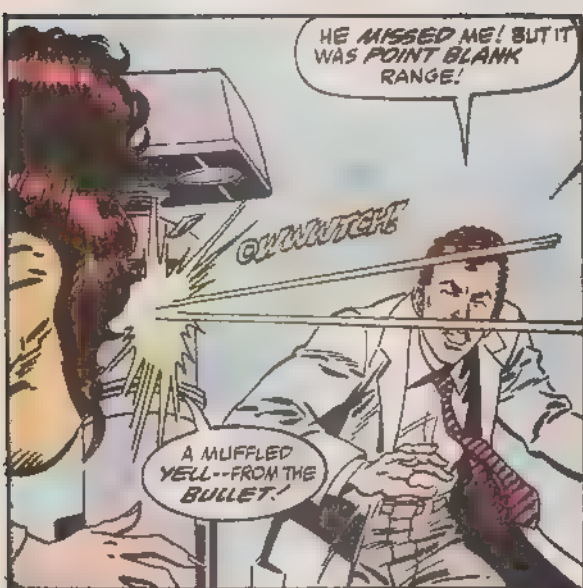


LOOK, YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'VE BLUNDERED
INTO! TAKE MY WALLET--
ANYTHING-- BUT LET ME
FINISH WHAT I WAS--

SHADDUP! YA
THINK I WUZ BORN
YESTERDAY?

YOU'VE
HAD IT,
CREEP!





AT FIRST, TOTAL
BLACKNESS!

THEN, SLOWLY, TORTUR-
OUSLY, A SHIMMERING
GREY-- VAGUE,
EPHEMERAL--

UNTIL IT CRYSTALIZES INTO A GIGANTIC EYE!

IT'S HARRY--
STARING AT ME
THRU THE
MICROSCOPE!

I'VE BECOME TOO
SMALL TO BE SEEN
BY THE NAKED EYE!

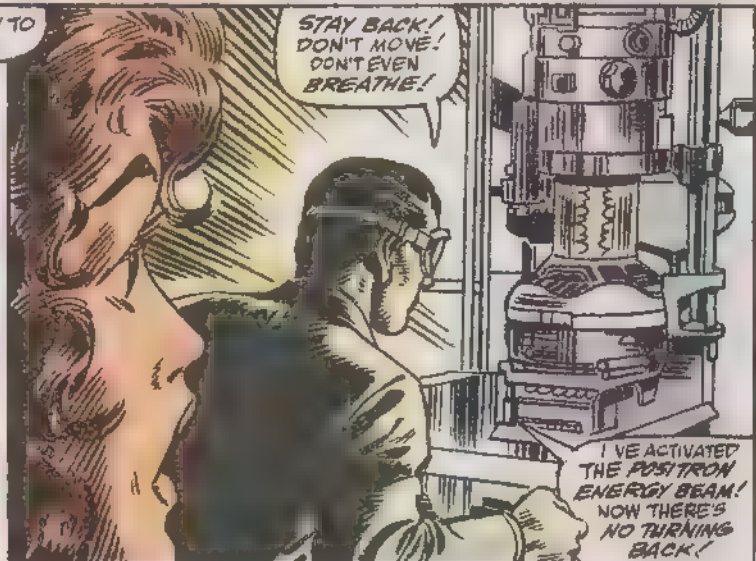
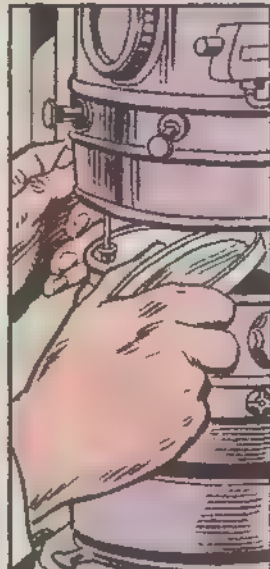
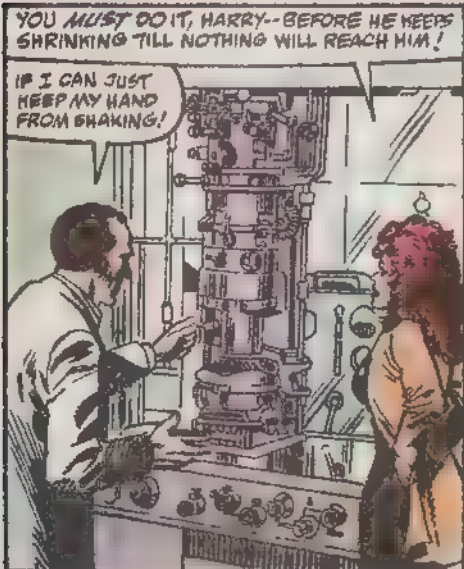
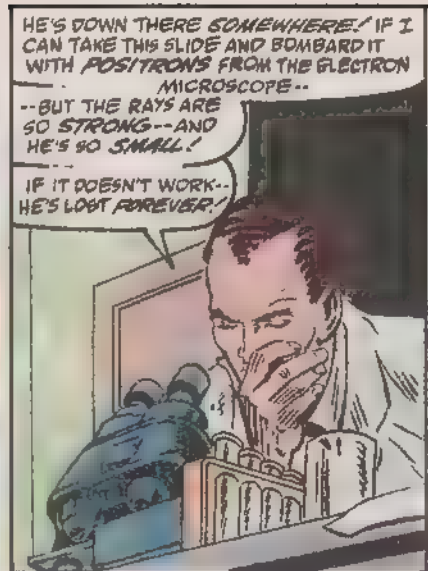
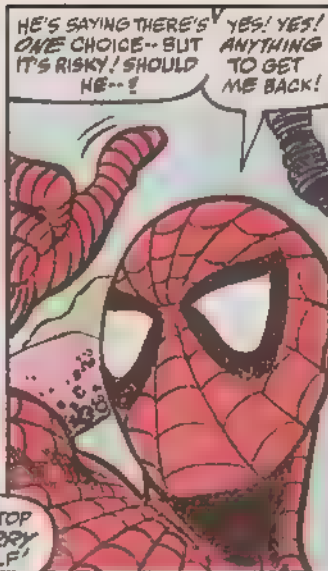
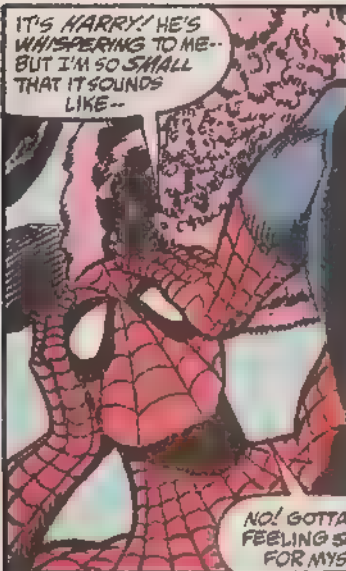
WHAT ARE THESE STRANGE
SHAPES FLOATING ALL
AROUND ME?

OF COURSE!
I'VE SEEN THEM
DOZENS OF TIMES
IN MY BIOLOGY
BOOKS!

THEY'RE PARAMECIA! I'VE SHRUNK TO
THE WORLD OF PROTOZOANS-- AND THERE'S
STILL NO END TO IT!

THAT NOISE--
COMING FROM ABOVE--
LIKE THE LOUDEST
THUNDER!

IT'S DEAFENING
ME!



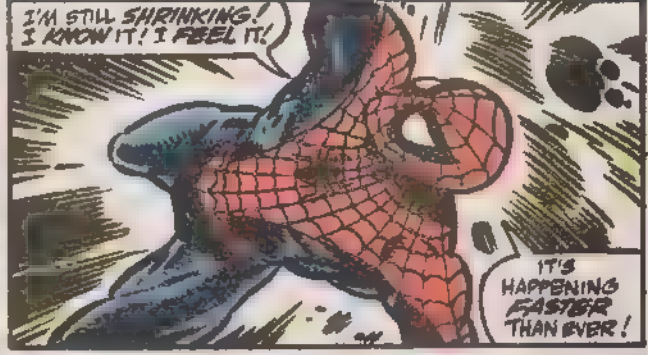


WHAT'S HAPPENING?!!

THERE'S A SUDDEN SURGE OF POWER!

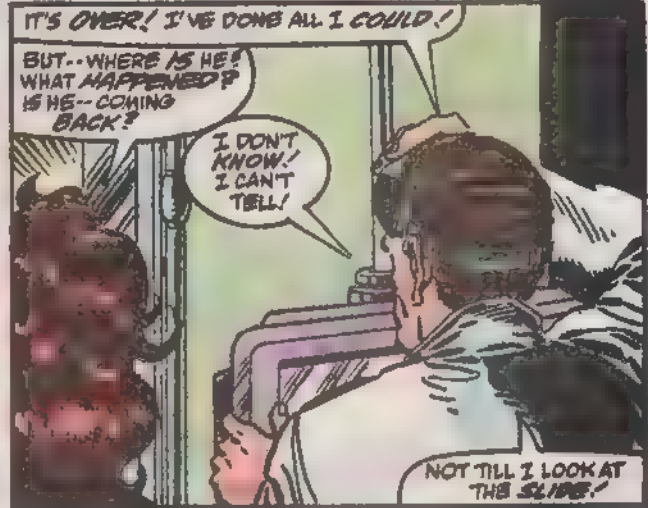
EVERY MOLECULE IN MY BODY FEELS LIKE IT'S CHANGING—SHIFTING—

AS IF ABOUT TO EXPLODE!



I'M STILL SHRINKING! I KNOW IT! I FEEL IT!

IT'S HAPPENING FASTER THAN EVER!

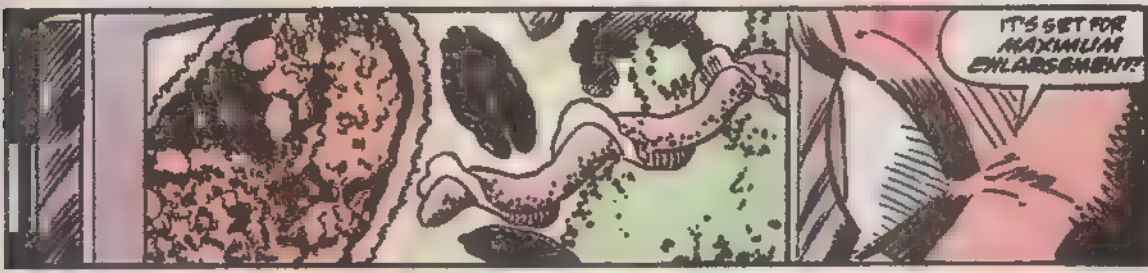


IT'S OVER! I'VE DONE ALL I COULD!

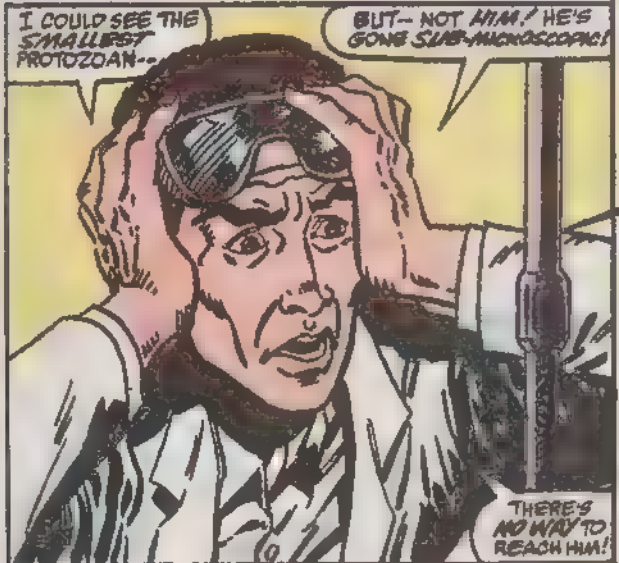
BUT--WHERE IS HE? WHAT HAPPENED? IS HE-- COMING BACK?

I DON'T KNOW! I CAN'T TELL!

NOT TILL I LOOK AT THE SLIDE!



IT'S SET FOR MAXIMUM ENLARGEMENT!



I COULD SEE THE SMALLEST PROTOZOAN--

BUT-- NOT HIM! HE'S GONE SUB-MICROSCOPIC!

THERE'S NO WAY TO REACH HIM!



HE'S LOST IN THE MICROVERSE!



EVERYTHING'S
ACCELERATED!
I'M SHRINKING SO
FAST THAT THE
SMALLEST
MOLECULES
ARE GROWING
TO LOOK LIKE
PLANETS TO
ME!

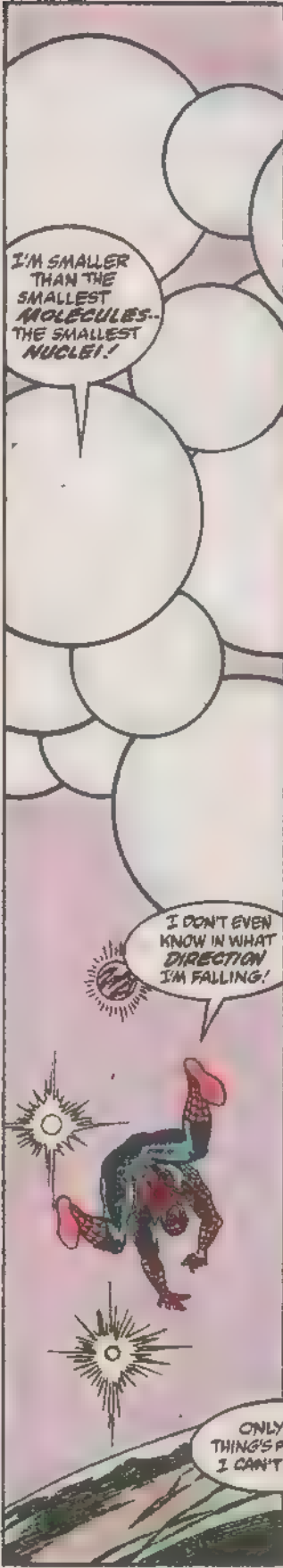


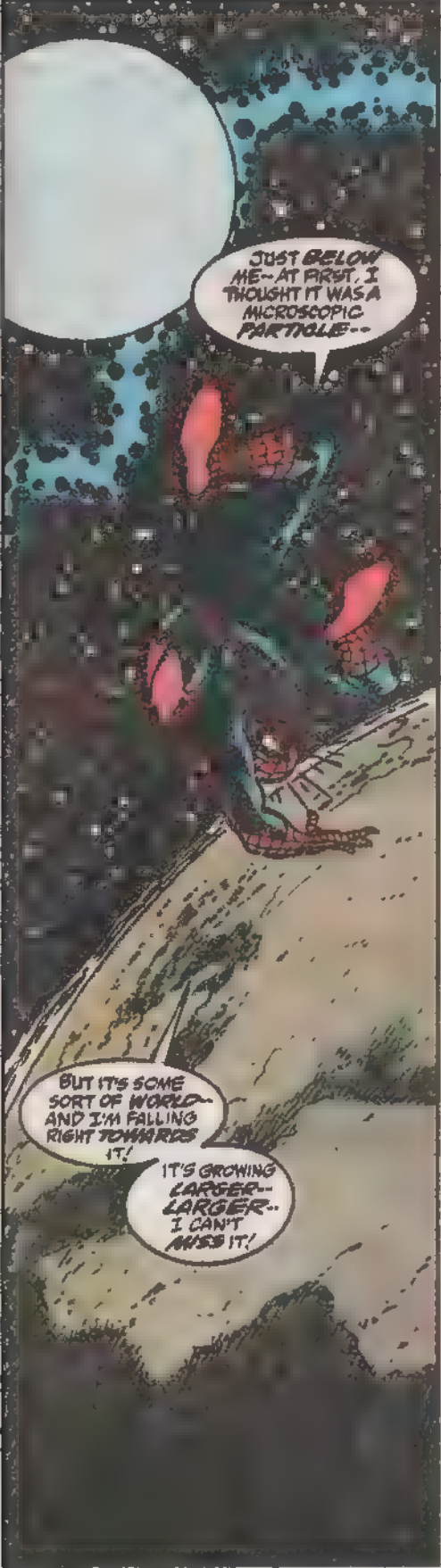
BUT IT CAN'T
GO ON! IT HAS TO
END SOMEWHERE!



OR DOES
IT?

WHAT IF I
KEEP SHRINKING
FOREVER? WHAT
IF THERE'S NO LIMIT
TO THE MICROCOSMS?





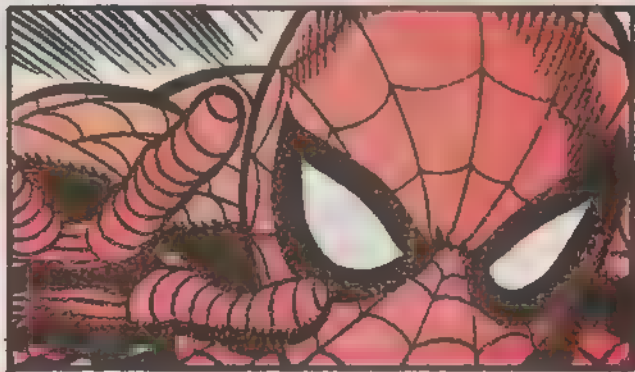
JUST BELOW ME-- AT FIRST, I THOUGHT IT WAS A MICROSCOPIC PARTICLE--

BUT IT'S SOME SORT OF WORLD-- AND I'M FALLING RIGHT TOWARDS IT!

IT'S GROWING LARGER-- LARGER-- I CAN'T MISS IT!



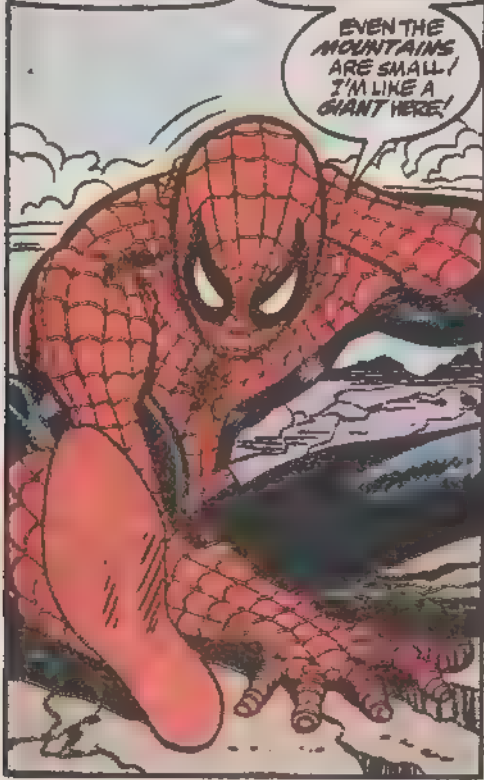
I'M GONNA HIT!



NO BONES BROKEN! LUCKY THE GRAVITY IS DIFFERENT HERE THAN IN MY WORLD!

BUT LOOK AT ASSURE I MADE ON THE GROUND! IT LOOKS LIKE EARTH'S GRAND CANYON!

EVEN THE MOUNTAINS ARE SMALL! I'M LIKE A GIANT HERE!



THAT NOISE! ENGINES OF SOME SORT!

THOSE TINY PLANES-- ZOOMING TO ATTACK ME!



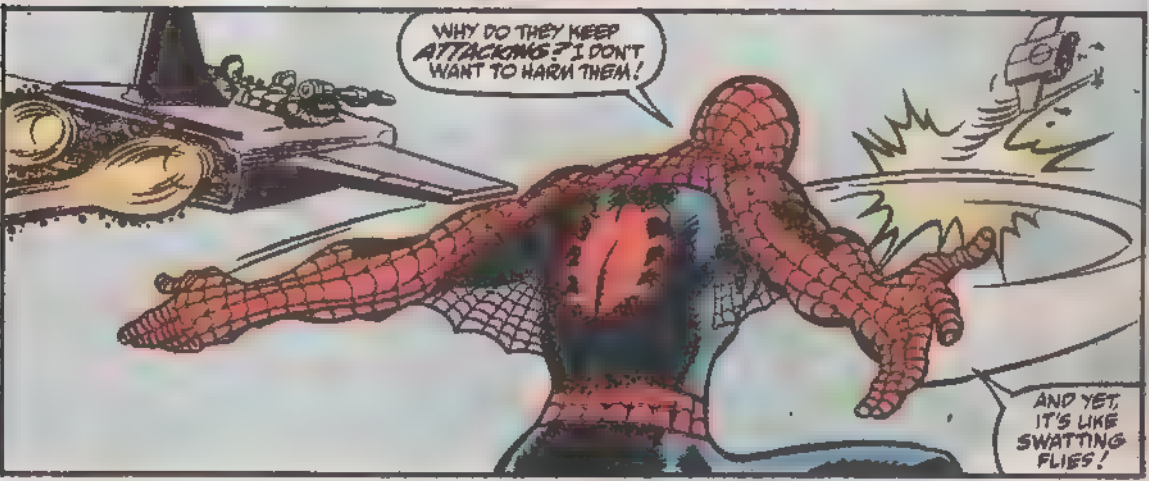
IT'S MIND-BOGGING! I'VE SHRUNK TO THE SIZE OF A GERM-- AND YET TO THEM I MUST SEEM LIKE A GIANT!

THEIR SHELLS FEEL LIKE SPITBALLS! NO WAY THEY CAN HARM ME!

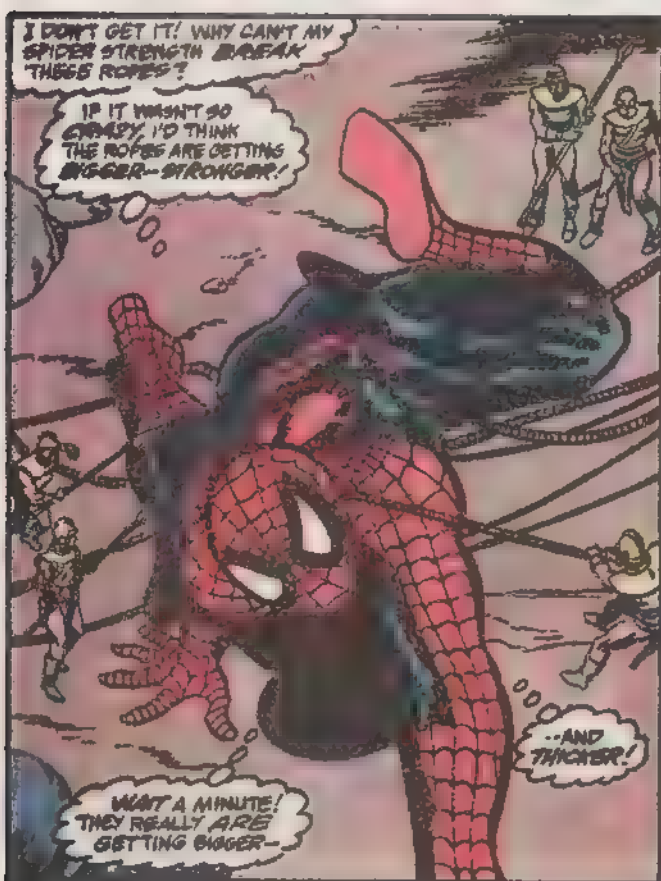


WHY DO THEY KEEP ATTACKING? I DON'T WANT TO HARM THEM!

AND YET, IT'S LIKE SWATTING FLIES!







I DON'T GET IT! WHY CAN'T MY SPIDER STRENGTH BREAK THESE ROPES?

IF IT WASN'T SO CREEPY, I'D THINK THE ROPES ARE GETTING BIGGER--STRONGER!

...AND THICKER!

WAIT A MINUTE! THEY REALLY ARE GETTING BIGGER--



--AND MY ARE THE ROPES? BUT THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE--!

OH, NO! WHAT A PRIZE CHAMP I AM!

NOTHING'S GETTING BIGGER!

I'M STILL GETTING SMALLER!



I'M SHRINKING RIGHT DOWN TO THEIR SIZE!

GETTING SO SMALL THAT THEIR KNOTS WON'T HOLD!

I'M SHRINKING RIGHT OUT OF THE ROPES!



"DOWN TO THEIR SIZE" MY EYES! I'VE ALREADY GONE WAY PAST THEM!

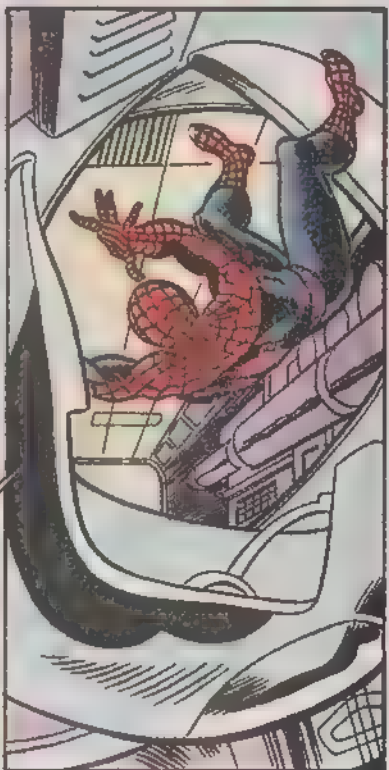
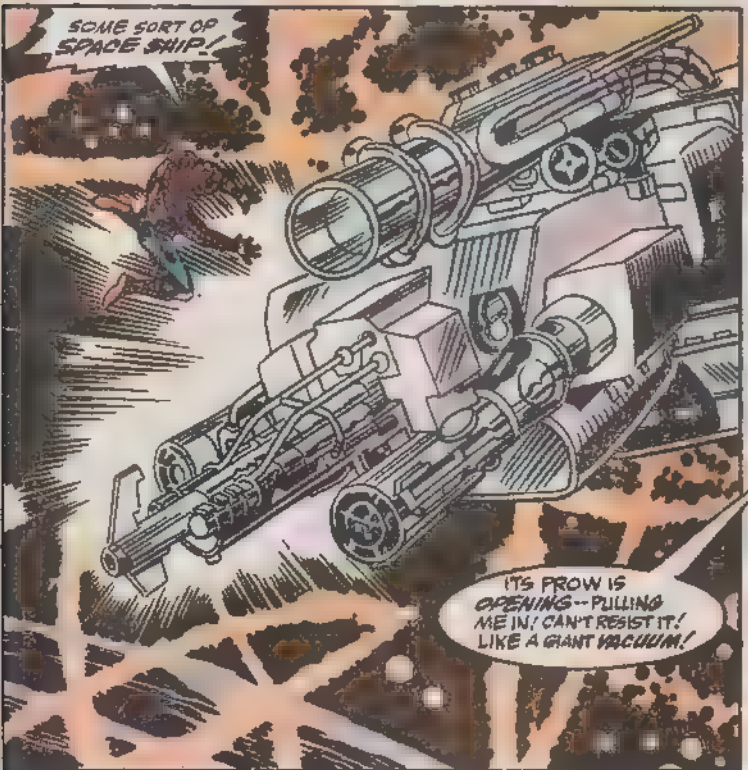
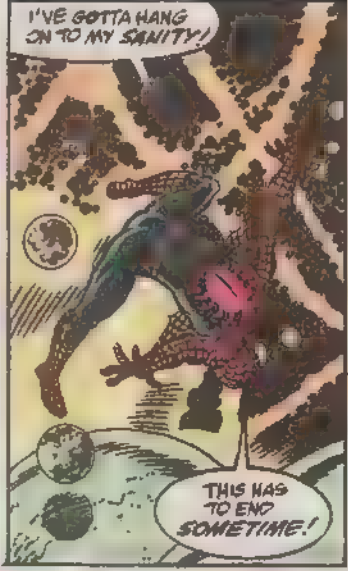
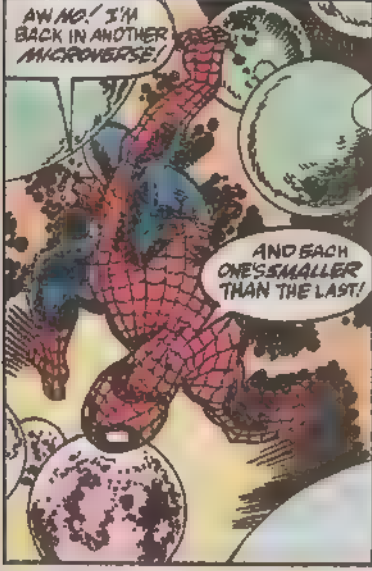


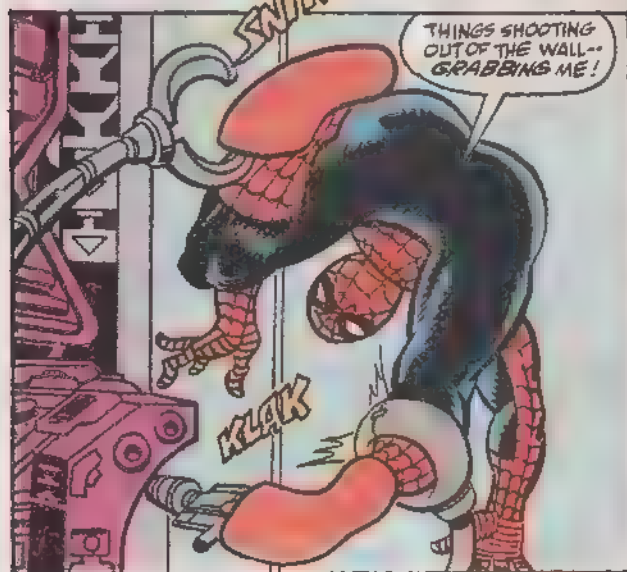
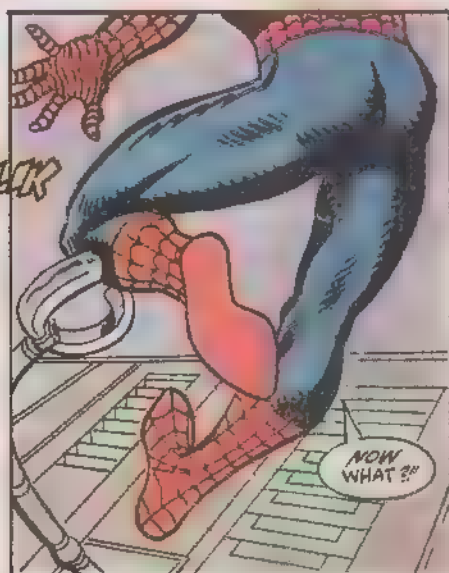
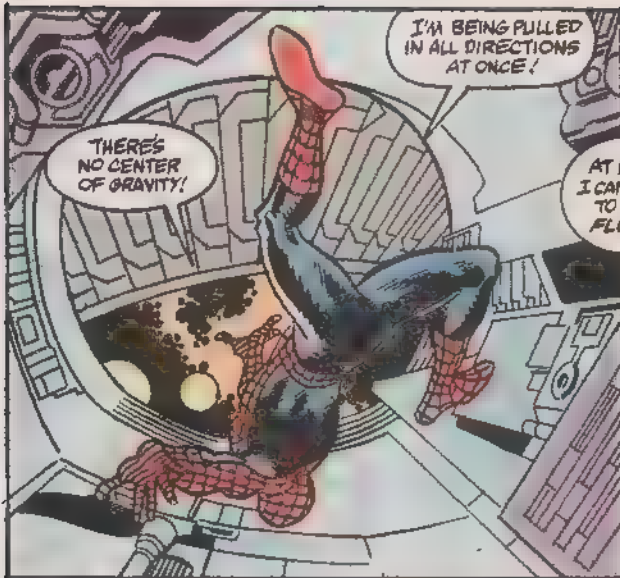
SO LONG, GUYS! YOU WERE A REAL FUN GROUP!

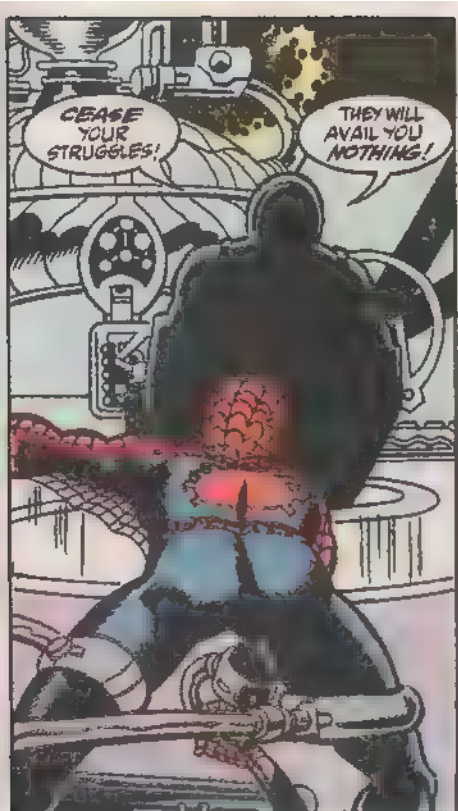


LUCKY I DON'T HAVE AN IDENTITY PROBLEM!

THIS KIND'A THING CAN MAKE A GUY FEEL REAL INSECURE!

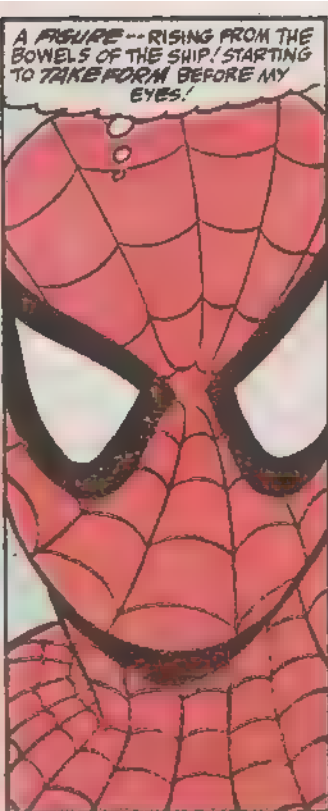




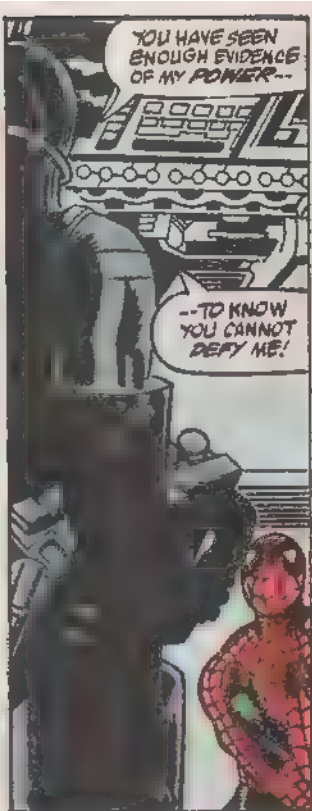


CEASE
YOUR
STRUGGLES!

THEY WILL
AVAIL YOU
NOTHING!

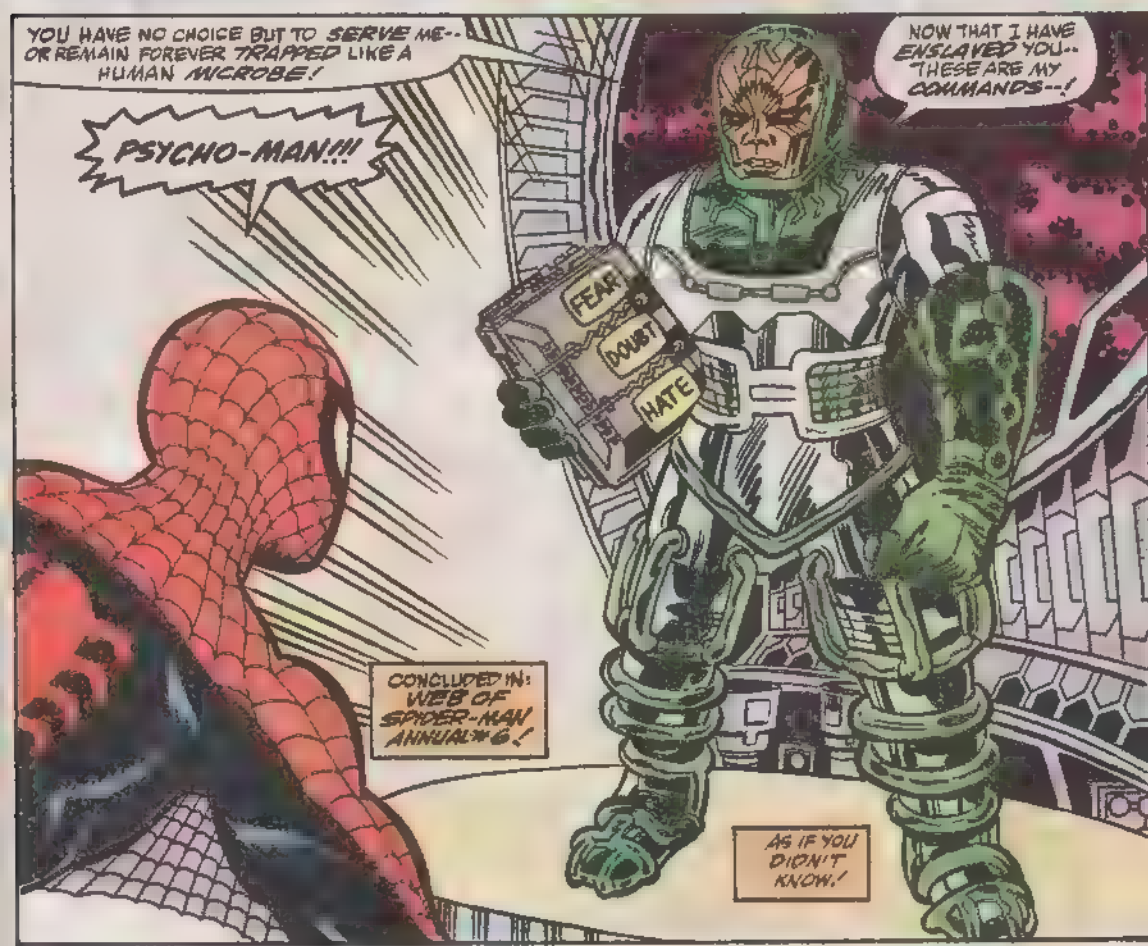


A FIGURE -- RISING FROM THE
BOWELS OF THE SHIP! STARTING
TO TAKE FORM BEFORE MY
EYES!



YOU HAVE SEEN
ENOUGH EVIDENCE
OF MY POWER--

--TO KNOW
YOU CANNOT
DEFY ME!



YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SERVE ME--
OR REMAIN FOREVER TRAPPED LIKE A
HUMAN MICROBE!

PSYCHO-MAN!!!

NOW THAT I HAVE
ENSLAVED YOU--
THESE ARE MY
COMMANDS--!

CONCLUDED IN:
WEB OF
SPIDER-MAN
ANNUAL #6!

AS IF YOU
DIDN'T
KNOW!

POWER IN: PALE REFLECTION

CHINATOWN IS NOT
CONSIDERED ONE OF
MANHATTAN'S TOUGHEST
NEIGHBORHOODS.

KH-NOP!

TRY TELLING
THAT TO
HOBIE BROWN:

CHING!

OKAY, CLASS, THAT WAS KNOWN AS DOLRYO-CHA-GI, THE ROUNDBOUSE KICK.

NOTICE HOW I SHIFTED MY HIPS FORWARD ALWAYS REMEMBER TO SHIFT YOUR WEIGHT TO GENERATE MORE POWER.

> GROANE

ALL RIGHT, THEN, IF THERE ARE NO MORE QUESTIONS, CLASS DISMISSED.

SIR!

BROWN!

IT'S CONSIDERED RESPECTFUL TO BOW AND SAY "SIR" WHEN LEAVING A MASTER'S PRESENCE.

WAY I FIGURE IT, ABB, I'M PAYING YOU TO TEACH ME HOW TO FIGHT, SO YOU SHOULD CALL ME "SIR."

MORAL DEVELOPMENT?!

IF YOU GAVE A HORSE'S REAR END ABOUT MY MORAL DEVELOPMENT, THEN WHY DID YOU LEAVE ME AND MOM RIGHT AFTER DAD WAS KILLED--

--BIG BROTHER?

TAE KWON DO IS LOTS MORE THAN SELF-DEFENSE, HOBE. IT'S AN ACT OF MORAL DEVELOPMENT THAT CAN TEACH YOU SELF-RESPECT--SOMETHING YOU SORELY NEED.

ONE HOUR AND A
SUBWAY TOKEN
LATER, IN LONG
ISLAND CITY...

OH, NO. I HOPE IT'S NOT
SOME BIG, MEAN OL' BURGLAR
TRYING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF POOR, DEFENSELESS ME.

GUESS
WHO?

MAI-YAA!

WHOOOP!

THIS'LL TEACH
THAT NASTY
BURGLAR NOT TO
MESS WITH ANYONE
WHO'S TAKEN A COURSE
IN RAPE
PREVENTION.

FIRST MY BROTHER, NOW MY
WIFE?! WHAT IS THIS, NATIONAL
KILL-YOUR-KIN-DAY?

SORRY, HON. I'D LOVE TO STAY AND TEND
YOUR WOUNDS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO SOME
RESEARCH AT THE LIBRARY FOR MY
GRADUATE THESIS.

WHAT
ARE YOUR
PLANS?

SINCE THE CONSTRUCTION SITE
IS STILL CLOSED, I'M GONNA FOLLOW
UP ON THAT JOB I WAS OFFERED
AT THE SYMKARIAN EMBASSY. *

GOOD. IT'S ABOUT TIME
SOMEONE RECOGNIZED
YOUR INVENTIVE TALENT,
EVEN IF THEY'RE
FOREIGNERS...

MINDY DOESN'T REALIZE, IT'S NOT
MY SKILLS AS AN INVENTOR
THAT SABLE WANTS. RATHER,
IT'S MY PROWESS AS--

* SEE WEB OF SPIDER-MAN # 50. -- J.S.

"-- THE PROWLER!"

HIS CLAWS
SLICED MY
GUN--!

WATCHIT!

DOOOOF!

YEAH! THIS IS
MORE LIKE IT!

THEY'RE WELL TRAINED, BUT
IN THESE CLOSED SURROUNDINGS
I HAVE THE ADVANTAGE. I'VE
PRACTICALLY GOT THEM
FIGHTING EACH OTHER.

WHO SAYS THERE'S
STRENGTH IN NUMBERS?

NOW
WHAT?

HE'S FIRING
SOME SORT OF
GAS PELLETS!
QUICK! INSERT
NOSE FILTERS!

-- LIKE
ME.

TOO LATE, BOYS.
YOU SHOULD'VE HAD THEM
BUILT INTO YOUR MASKS--

NOW
A FEW DRUG-
TIPPED DARTS
TO BRING DOWN
THEIR LEADER...

ARRRRGH!

...VOILA!

OW-OW!
YOUR
CLAWS--
THEY HURT!

THAT'S THE POINT, PAL. MIND
TELLING ME WHY YOU BROUGHT
OUT THE HEAVY ARTILLERY
AGAINST ME?

THIS WAS ONLY
SUPPOSED TO BE
A SIMULATION.

ENOUGH!

GOOD EVENING, MISS SABLE.

CONGRATULATIONS, PROWLER. YOU DEFEATED MY WILD PACK IN NEAR-RECORD TIME. THEY WILL EACH BE DOCKED A DAY'S PAY FOR THEIR HUMILIATION.

HEY-HOY, ISN'T THAT A BIT HARSH?

I MEAN, THEY DIDN'T LEAVE ME MUCH CHOICE, BUT I'M SURE YOU DIDN'T GIVE THEM MUCH OF ONE EITHER.

THE PRICE OF FAILURE, PROWLER. REMEMBER IT.

I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE WORD.

I WAS A HARD-
LUCK WINDOW
WASHER WHEN I
CREATED THE
PROWLER. HE WAS
SUPPOSED TO PLAY
BAD GUY AND THE
WINDOW WASHER
THE HERO. NOW I
FEEL MORE LIKE A
MAN IN COSTUME
THAN OUT OF IT.

NINJAS?
ISN'T THAT A
BIT CLICHE?

I'VE SEEN THAT
SCHIZOPHRENIC
THINKING IN YOUR
TYPE BEFORE--AS
IF A MASK COULD
CREATE A NEW
PERSON.

THEY CAN'T HANDLE
THE TRUTH-- THAT A
MASK IS BUT A PALE
REFLECTION OF THE
PERSON WHO--

PLEASE, I CAN'T
STOMACH ANOTHER
LECTURE TODAY.
WHAT ABOUT THIS
MISSION?

SOME JAPANESE FANATICS
WHO WISH TO SEE THEIR
COUNTRY RETURN TO ITS
PRE-WAR IMPERIAL DAYS
WILL STRIKE AT ONE OF
SEVERAL LOCATIONS TONIGHT.
YOU WILL GUARD THE OSBORN
CHEMICAL PLANT, WHERE
THEIR AGENT, THE WHITE
NINJA, MAY TRY TO STEAL
A DEADLY NEW NERVE
TOXIN.

STOP
ME AT
ANY COST,
RIGHT?

THE OSBORN CHEMICAL PLANT, SHE TELLS ME. SWELL.

THE ONLY BADDIES I'M LIKELY TO MEET HERE ARE THE CARCINOGENS I'M BREATHING.

I'VE BEEN PERCHED HERE LIKE A GARGOYLE FOR OVER AN HOUR AND THE ONLY ACTION I'VE SEEN IS TWO ALLEYCATS FIGHTING OVER A DEAD COCKROACH.

AND I'M STARTING TO DEVELOP A PAIN IN MY--

AARRGH!

FALLING!

GOTTA RELEASE BURST OF GAS FROM ANKLE-JETS TO SLOW MY DESCENT. STILL--DON'T KNOW IF MY INJURED LEG CAN SUPPORT--

OOOWW!

YEEHIII!

THROWING STARS!

LOSING MY BALANCE.

CAN ONLY BE THE WHITE NINJA!

HII-YEEAA!

NNOOO!!

CRANK

NOTHESGO

YOUR PUNY TECHNOLOGY
IS NOTHING TO ME. HOW
DO YOU THINK IT WILL
AVAIL YOU?

FOR A NINJA, THIS GUY
CERTAINLY TALKS A LOT. BUT
HE'S A MASTER, WHILE I'M ONLY
A GREEN BELT. SO HOW DO I
DEFEAT HIM?

THWAP

HOW 'BOUT A
PNEUMATIC-ENHANCED
ROUNDHOUSE KICK
FOR STARTERS?

OOOOF!

YOU LEARN
QUICK
LITTLE BRO!

ABE?

AW, WHO CARES? I'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR THIS
MOMENT FOR A LONG
TIME!

HERE'S WINDOW-
CLEANING FLUID
IN YOUR EYE, ABE.

YOU'LL HAVE
TO MOVE
FASTER THAN
THAT, HOBE.

DON'T TELL ME--THIS IS ANOTHER ONE OF SILVER
SABLE'S STUPID TESTS! BUT HOW DO SHE KNOW WHO I--?

YOU'VE ALSO MANEUVERED YOUR-
SELF INTO A POSITION THAT
MAKES IT EASY FOR ME TO DO--

-- THIS!

CRASH

OH, NO. NOT AGAIN.

YOU'VE BECOME SO SMUG HIDING BEHIND THAT MASK AND RELYING UPON YOUR TOYS THAT YOU FORGOT THE SIMPLE BASICS.

LIKE I SAID, LITTLE BRO--NO SELF-RESPECT.

ENOUGH!

I REALLY HAVE NO DESIRE TO BEAR WITNESS TO THE NEXT GAIN AND ABEL.

I HOPE YOU REALIZE MY MOTIVES IN THIS EXERCISE, HOBIE. YOU HAD TO LEARN A LESSON IN HUMILITY.

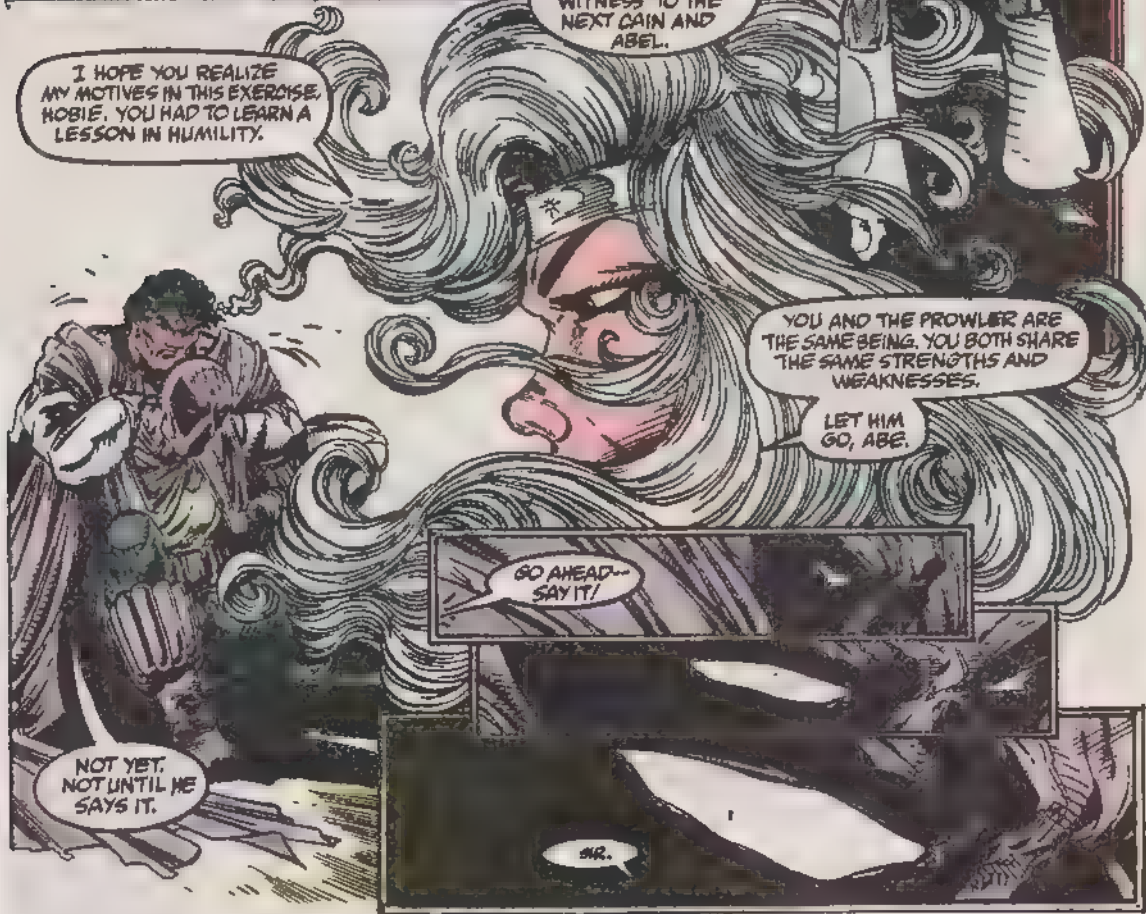
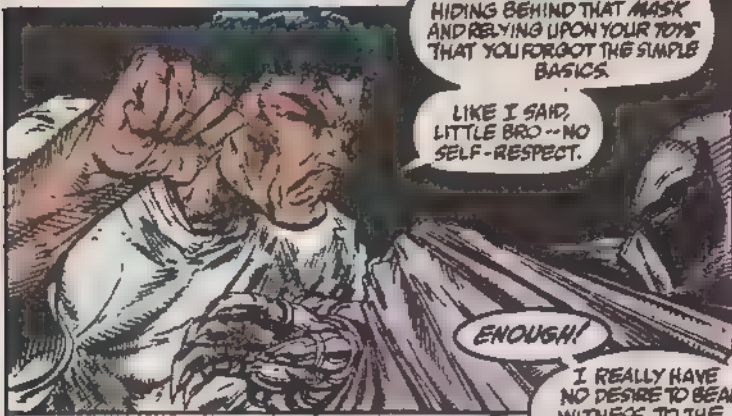
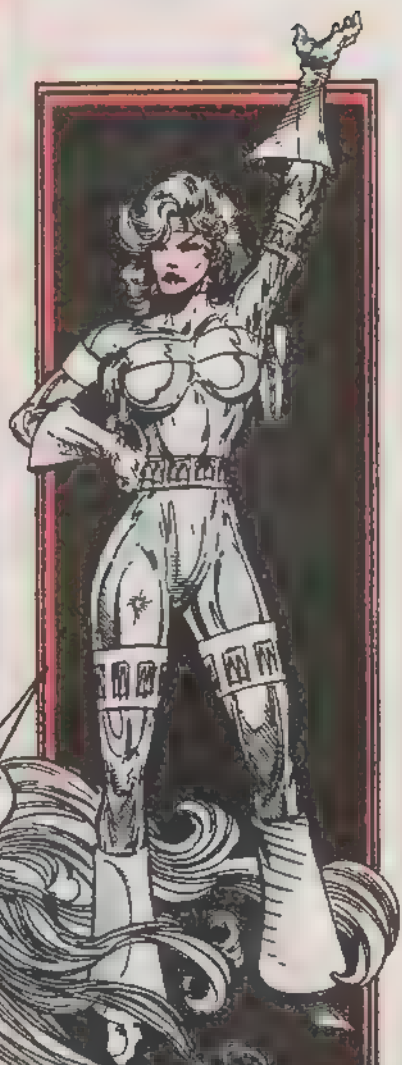
YOU AND THE PROWLER ARE THE SAME BEING. YOU BOTH SHARE THE SAME STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES.

LET HIM GO, ABE.

GO AHEAD-- SAY IT!

NOT YET. NOT UNTIL HE SAYS IT.

MR.



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ESPOSITO
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COLORIST

JIM
SALICRUP
EDITOR

TOM
DeFALCO
EDITOR/CHIEF

IT'S A COOL SPRING EVENING ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND. THE CHILL IN THE AIR DOESN'T BOTHER HIM AT ALL.

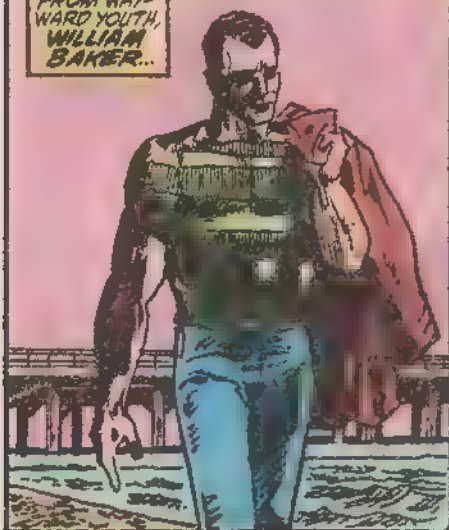
HE LIKES THE CRISPNESS OF HIS BREATH AS HE WALKS ALONG THE SHORE, IT'S A FRESHNESS IN HIS MOUTH...

...A PROMISE OF NEW BEGINNINGS.

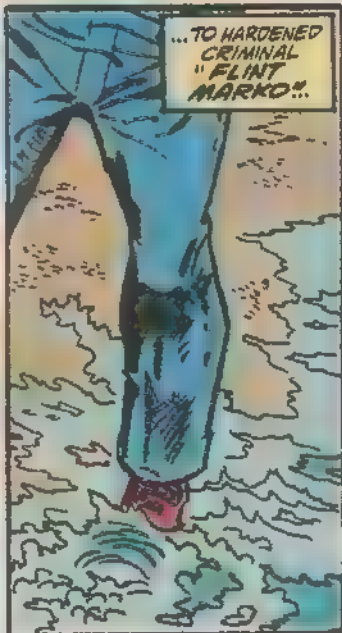


THE WAVES ROLL BACK AND FORTH, CHANGING THE SAND BENEATH WITH EVERY PASSAGE, REFLECTING HIS OWN JOURNEY.

FROM WAY-
WARD YOUTH,
WILLIAM
BAKER...



...TO HARDENED
CRIMINAL
"FLINT
MARKO..."



...AND, FINALLY, TO SYLVESTER
MANN, HUMBLE DAY LABORER
TRYING TO BUILD A NEW LIFE
FOR HIMSELF..

...AND WASH
AWAY THE SINS
OF THE OLD



HOW
DELIGHTFULLY
APPROPRIATE!

HUH?

WHERE ELSE BUT
ON A BEACH WOULD
ONE EXPECT TO FIND...



-- THE SANDMAN!

SEE, MARKO, OLD BUDDY...
IS THAT A BIG GRANITE
PST YOU'VE GOT THERE--

--OR ARE YOU JUST
GLAD TO SEE US?

I GOT NO USE FOR
EITHER YOU OR THE
WIZARD

I AIN'T A
CRIMINAL
NO MORE.

WANNA BE
A VICTIM
THEN?

THE

CHOICE

YOU'LL HAVE TO **EXCUSE** THE TRAPSTER. PERIODS OF INCARCERATION-- EVEN AFTER THEY END-- DO TEND TO **SOUR** ONE'S CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.

SURELY YOU CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH THAT.

I HEARD ABOUT YOUR PRISON BREAK. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

WHY, FRIEND SANDMAN, MERELY TO RESTORE A MEASURE OF MEANING, OF **DIGNITY** TO YOUR DRAB AND DREARY EXISTENCE. I COME TO OFFER YOU, ONCE AGAIN, **FULL** MEMBERSHIP IN--

--THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR!

FOR A GENIUS, YOU DON'T COUNT VERY GOOD, WIZARD. WHY DON'T YOU AND HARRY HIPBOOTS THEREFORM A NEW GROUP--

--THE CLOD COUPLE.

WRONG ANSWER, DIRTBAG.

GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN... IS **THIS** ANY WAY FOR MEN WHO HAVE BEEN COMRADES-IN-ARMS TO **ACT**?

SHEATH YOUR **MULTI-GUN**, TRAPSTER.

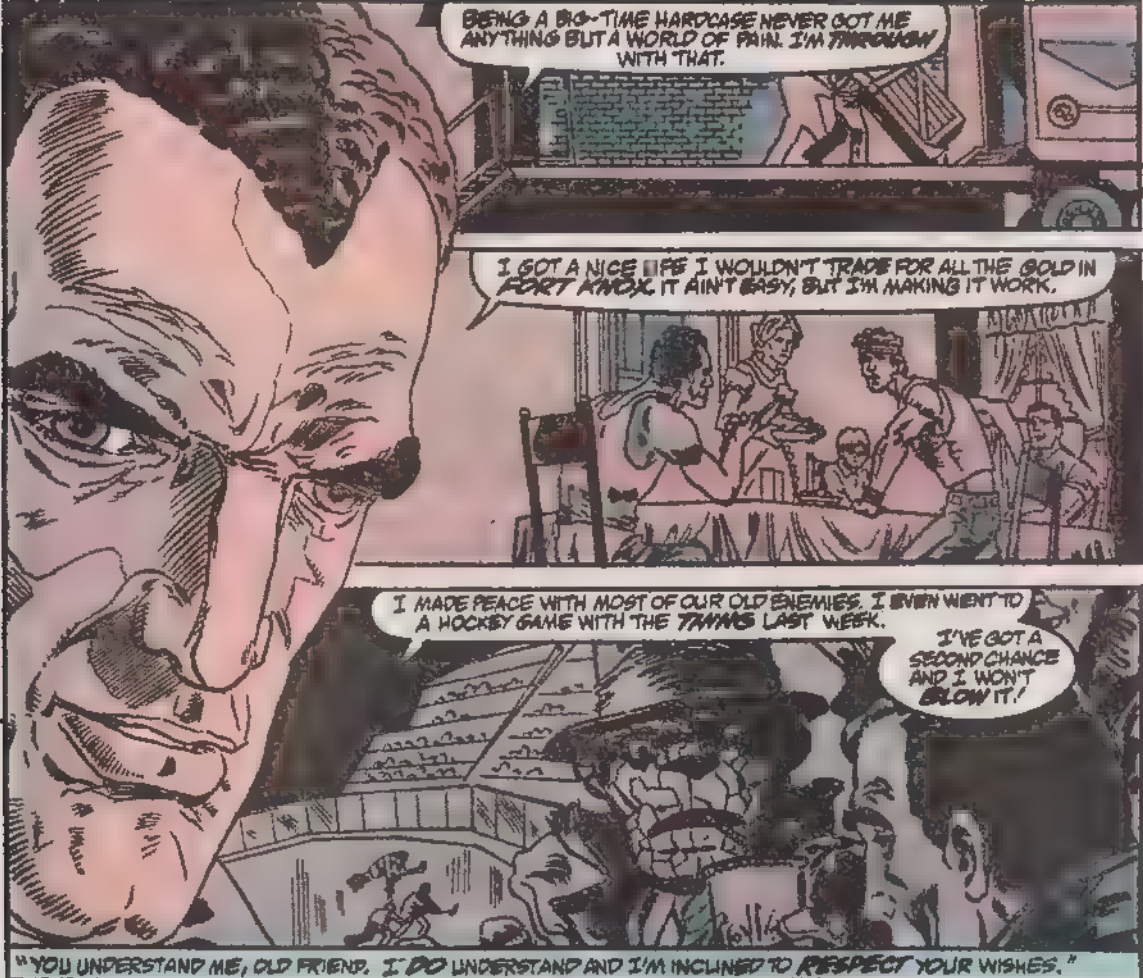
YEAH--OR I'LL DO IT FOR YOU.

I ADMIT TO BEING SOMEWHAT DISAPPOINTED-- AND **SURPRISED**--BY YOUR REFUSAL. WOULD YOU CARE TO **ELABORATE**?

FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE?

I GUESS I COULD DO THAT--

-- BUT I DON'T FIGURE A BRAIN LIKE YOU' IS GONNA UNDERSTAND...



BEING A BIG-TIME HARDCASE NEVER GOT ME ANYTHING BUT A WORLD OF PAIN. I'M THROUGH WITH THAT.

I GOT A NICE LIFE I WOULDN'T TRADE FOR ALL THE GOLD IN FORT KNOX. IT AIN'T EASY, BUT I'M MAKING IT WORK.

I MADE PEACE WITH MOST OF OUR OLD ENEMIES. I EVEN WENT TO A HOCKEY GAME WITH THE TAVNS LAST WEEK.

I'VE GOT A SECOND CHANCE AND I WON'T BLOW IT!

"YOU UNDERSTAND ME, OLD FRIEND. I DO UNDERSTAND AND I'M INCLINED TO RESPECT YOUR WISHES."



ARE YOU CRAZY, WIZARD? THE BUM'S BEEN HANGING OUT WITH THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND YOU'RE GONNA LET HIM WALK?

WHAT IF HE RATS US OUT TO HIS NEW BUDDIES?



HMM... THAT AS A LEGITIMATE CONCERN.

I WONDER HOW WE MIGHT RESOLVE IT.



I GOT A COUPLE IDEAS RIGHT HERE!

COME NOW, WE'VE BEEN PARTNERS FOR YEARS. SURELY WE CAN COME TO SOME SORT OF ARRANGEMENT WITHOUT COMING TO BLOWS FIRST.

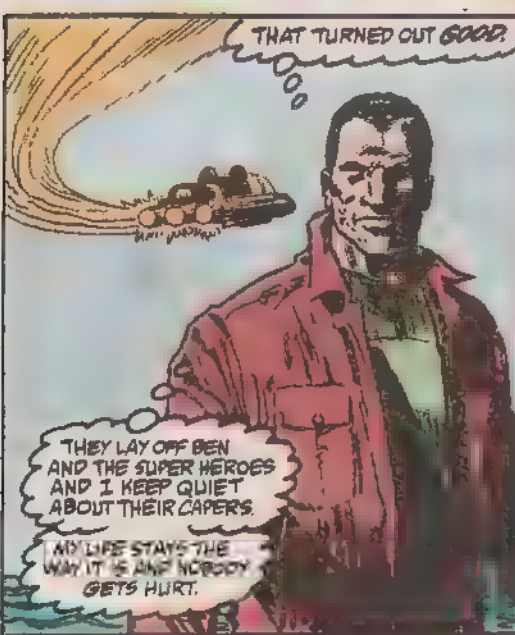
AND SO, SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

FAREWELL, SANDMAN. I WISH YOU WERE HERE IN THIS NEW LIFE OF YOURS.

FEEL FREE TO CALL IF IT DOESN'T WORK OUT.

JUST REMEMBER OUR DEAL, WIZARD.

GRUMBLE



THAT TURNED OUT GOOD.

THEY LAY OFF BEN AND THE SUPER HEROES AND I KEEP QUIET ABOUT THEIR CAPERS.

MY LIFE STAYS THE WAY IT IS AND NOBODY GETS HURT.

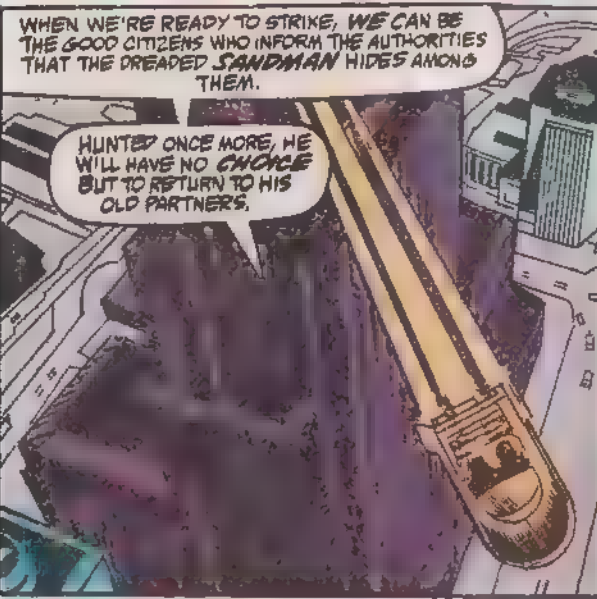


"SO HOW COME I FEEL LIKE I JUST CUT A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL?"

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU LET THAT ROCKHEAD OFF THE HOOK! WE COULD'VE TAKEN HIM EASY!

WHAT WOULD A BATTLE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED? LET THE FOOL HAVE HIS ILLUSIONS FOR A FEW MORE DAYS.

WE DON'T NEED HIM TO PLAN OUR NEXT MOVES. HE'S NOTHING MORE THAN MUSCLE.



WHEN WE'RE READY TO STRIKE, WE CAN BE THE GOOD CITIZENS WHO INFORM THE AUTHORITIES THAT THE DREADED SANDMAN HIDES AMONG THEM.

HUNTED ONCE MORE, HE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO RETURN TO HIS OLD PARTNERS.



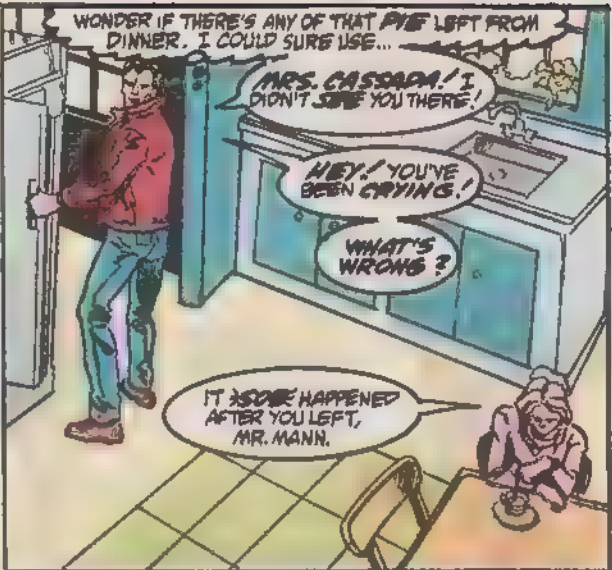
HE WILL BE OURS, MY DEAR TRAPSTER --

-- FOR AS LONG AS HE LIVES!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN BROOKLYN, A SORELY TROUBLED MAN WRESTLING WITH HIS CONSCIENCE HAS JUST DECLARED THE MATCH A DRAW...



I DON'T REALLY TRUST THE WIZARD, BUT A DEAL'S A DEAL.
GUESS I JUST GOTTA LIVE WITH THAT.



WONDER IF THERE'S ANY OF THAT PIE LEFT FROM DINNER. I COULD SURE USE...

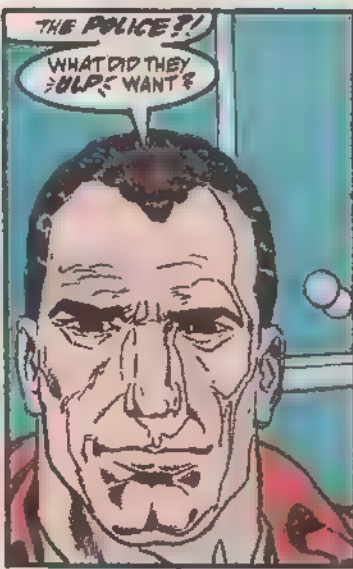
MRS. CASSADA! I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE!
HEY! YOU'VE BEEN CRYING!
WHAT'S WRONG?

IT ~~IS~~ SOMETHING HAPPENED AFTER YOU LEFT, MR. MANN.

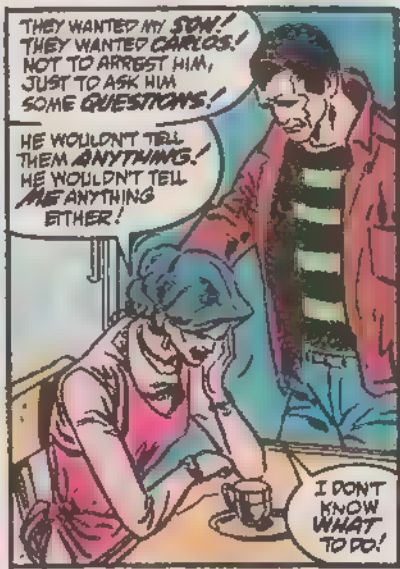


IT WAS THE POLICE! THEY CAME RIGHT TO THIS HOUSE! THERE WERE TWO OF THEM!

A BIG BLACK CAR OUTSIDE THE WHOLE TIME!



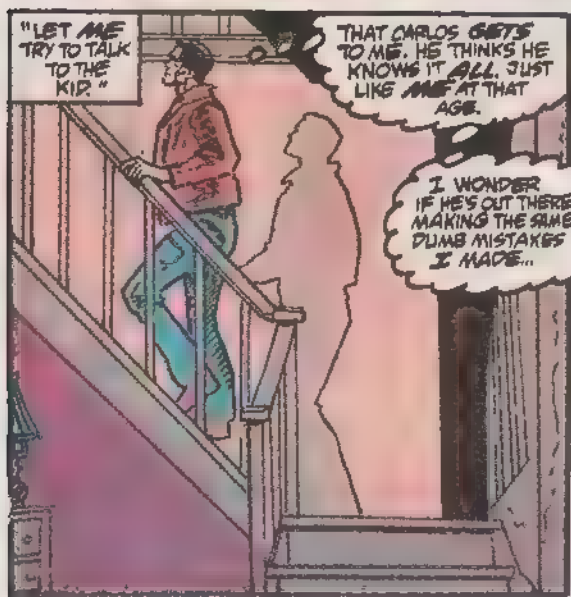
THE POLICE?!
WHAT DID THEY ~~SUPPOSE~~ WANT?



THEY WANTED MY SON! THEY WANTED CARLOS! NOT TO ARREST HIM, JUST TO ASK HIM SOME QUESTIONS!

HE WOULDN'T TELL THEM ANYTHING! HE WOULDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING EITHER!

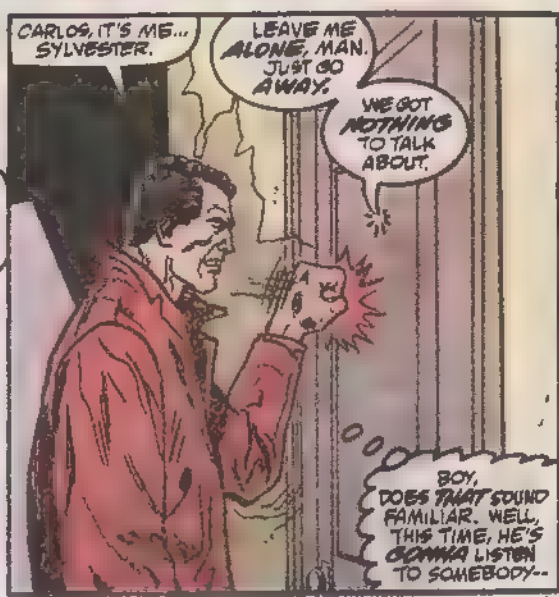
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



"LET ME TRY TO TALK TO THE KID."

THAT CARLOS GETS TO ME. HE THINKS HE KNOWS IT ALL, JUST LIKE ME AT THAT AGE.

I WONDER IF HE'S OUT THERE MAKING THE SAME DUMB MISTAKES I MADE...



CARLOS, IT'S ME... SYLVESTER.

LEAVE ME ALONE, MAN. JUST GO AWAY.

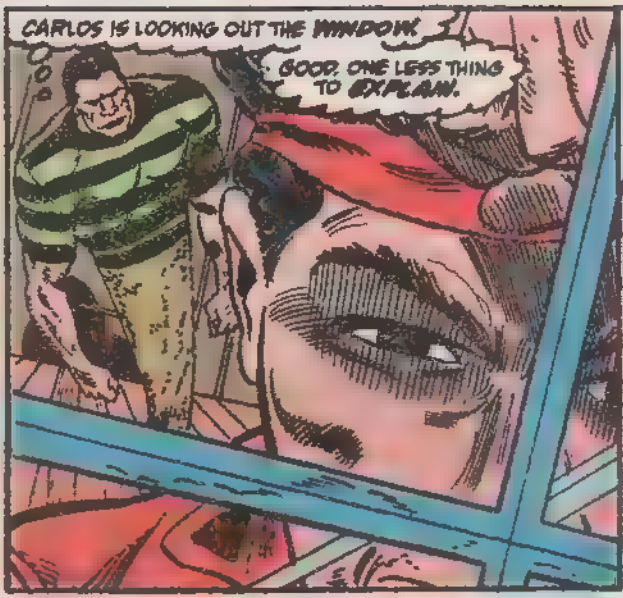
WE GOT NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT.

BOY, DOES THAT SOUND FAMILIAR. WELL, THIS TIME, HE'S GONNA LISTEN TO SOMEBODY...



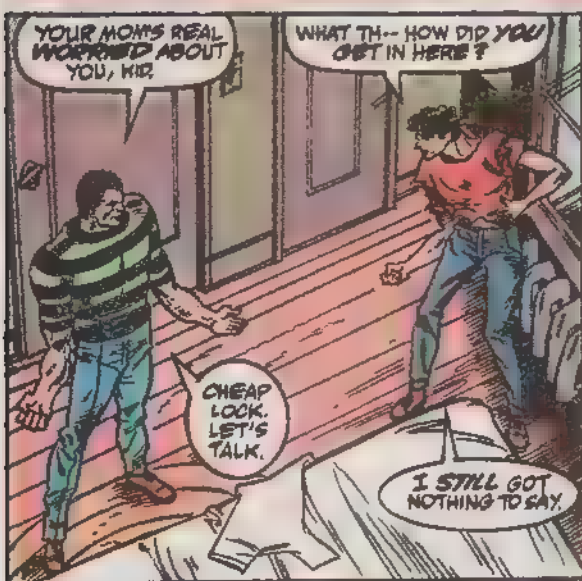
-- AND NOT THROUGH A LOCKED DOOR EITHER.

HAVING A BODY WITH ALL THE QUALITIES OF SAND COMES IN HANDY SOMETIMES.



CARLOS IS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW.

GOOD. ONE LESS THING TO EXPLAIN.

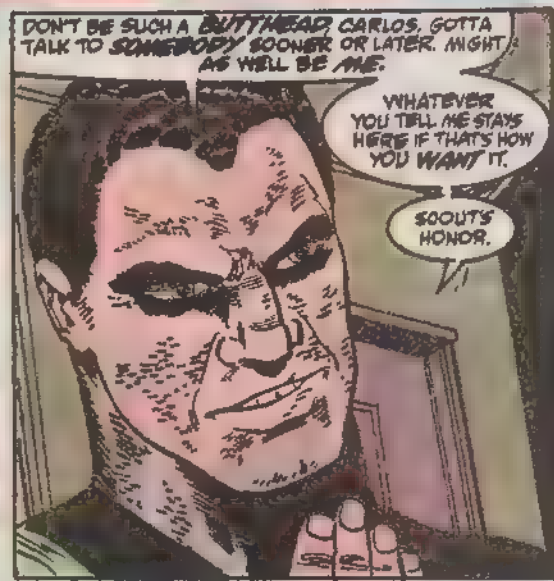


YOUR MOM'S REAL WORRIED ABOUT YOU, KID.

WHAT TH-- HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

CHEAP LOCK. LET'S TALK.

I STILL GOT NOTHING TO SAY.



DON'T BE SUCH A BUTTHEAD CARLOS. GOTTA TALK TO SOMEBODY SOONER OR LATER. MIGHT AS WELL BE ME.

WHATEVER YOU TELL ME STAYS HERE IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT.

SCOUTS HONOR.



THAT'S A JOKE, KID.

COME ON...

IT'S NO BIG DEAL, MAN. THE COPS THINK A BUNCH OF GUYS I USED TO AROUND WITH ARE INTO ROBBING LIQUOR STORES--

-- AND THEY EXPECT ME TO "COOPERATE WITH THE INVESTIGATION".

LIKE I COULD REALLY DO THAT.



WHAT'S STOPPING YOU, JUNIOR?

YOU IN ON THE JOBS?

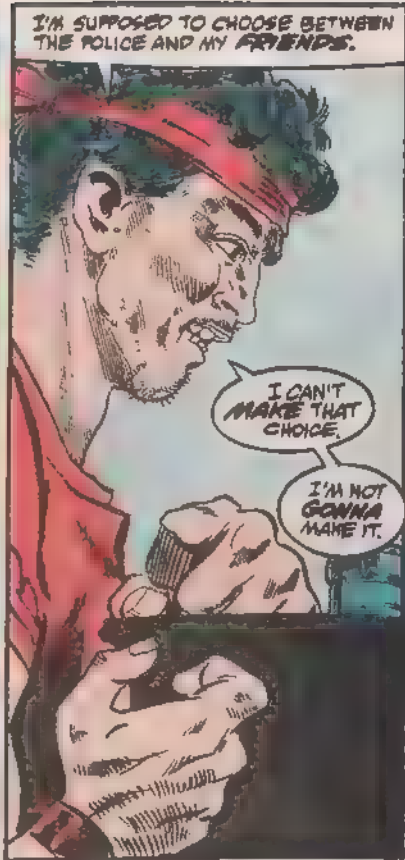
GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT, DON'T YOU? SO WHAT IF I MADE ONE STUPID MISTAKE A COUPLE YEARS BACK?

THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME A **CAREER CRIMINAL!**



AW, GEEZ.. I NEVER KNEW ABOUT THAT.

BUT IF YOU'RE **STRAIGHT**, HOW COME YOU WON'T HELP BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS **HURT?**



I'M SUPPOSED TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THE POLICE AND MY **FRIENDS.**

I CAN'T MAKE THAT CHOICE.

I'M NOT GONNA MAKE IT.



IT'S NOT THAT **SIMPLE**, CARLOS.

WHEN YOU GOTTA MAKE A CHOICE AND YOU DON'T--

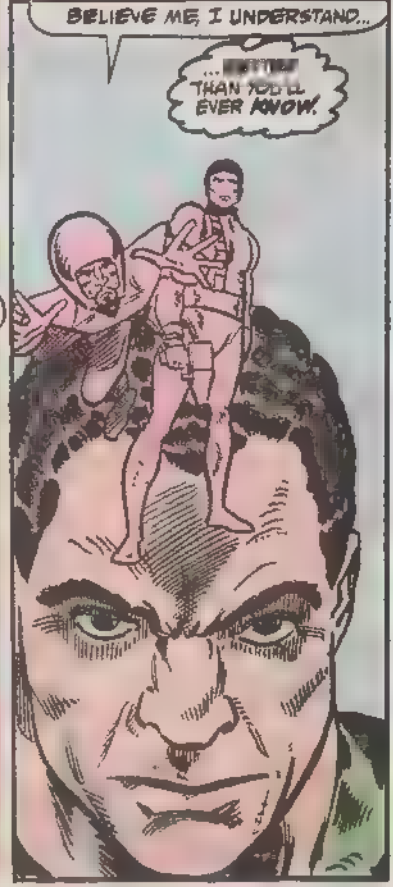


-- THAT'S STILL MAKING A CHOICE.

YOU GET THAT OFF A **FORTUNE COOKIE?**

YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND.

THEY WERE MY **FRIENDS!**



BELIEVE ME, I UNDERSTAND...

... **BETTER** THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

I KNOW THESE STREETS LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND. HALF THE GOSPELS I WORKED WITH HAD SHORTCUTS HERE

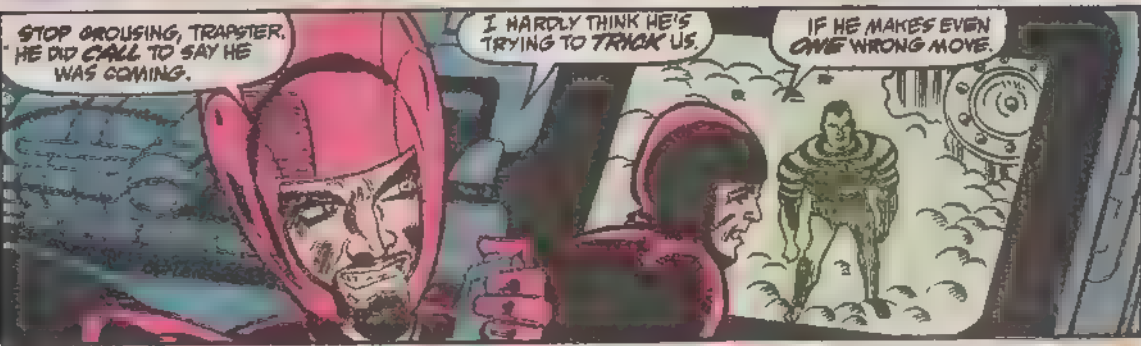
BLASTED NEIGHBORHOOD MUST BE ZONED FOR SUPER-VILLAINS.



STOP GROUNDING, TRAPSTER. HE DID CALL TO SAY HE WAS COMING.

I HARDLY THINK HE'S TRYING TO TRICK US.

IF HE MAKES EVEN ONE WRONG MOVE



SIGH I'M QUITE CERTAIN YOU COULD CONCOCT AN EXTREMELY PAINFUL DEWISE FOR HIM.

BUT LET'S REMAIN OPTIMISTIC, SHALL WE?

HERE HE COMES. ALL SMILES NOW.



WIZARD, WE GOTTA TALK.

HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT MY OFFER?

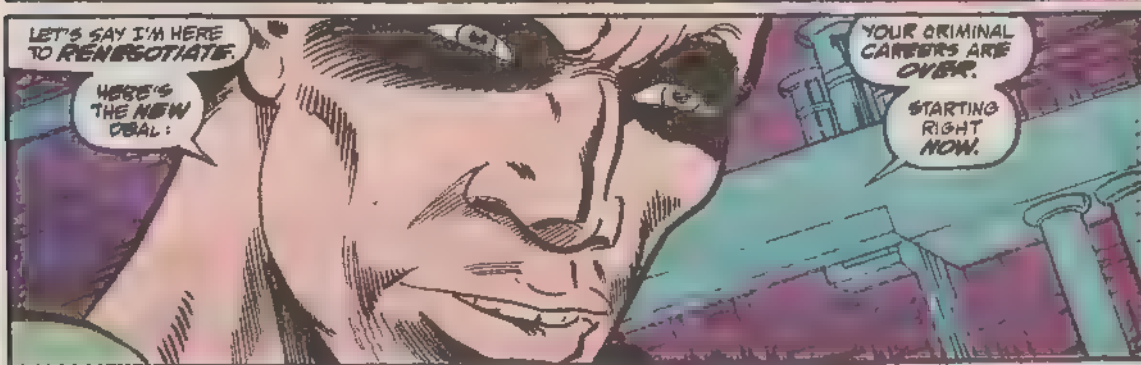


LET'S SAY I'M HERE TO RENEGOTIATE.

HERE'S THE NEW DEAL:

YOUR CRIMINAL CAREERS ARE OVER.

STARTING RIGHT NOW.



YOU GET THE SAME CHANCE TO START OVER
THAT THE THING GAVE ME. BUT IF YOU PULL
ANY CRIMES--

-- I'M
BRINGING
YOU DOWN
MYSELF!

I FEAR I OVER-
ESTIMATED YOU,
SANDMAN.

YOU ARE TOO STUPID TO LIVE.

WHAT?!

YOU WANNA TALK STUPID? CHECK OUT
YOUR PASTE-GUN-PAKIN' PARTNER
HERE.

AIN'T YOU A
LITTLE QUICK
ON THE DRAW,
PUNK?

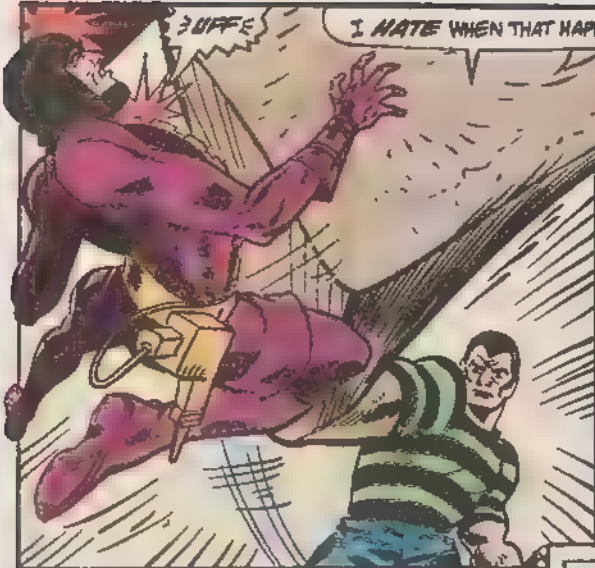
TRAPSTER, YOU FOOL!

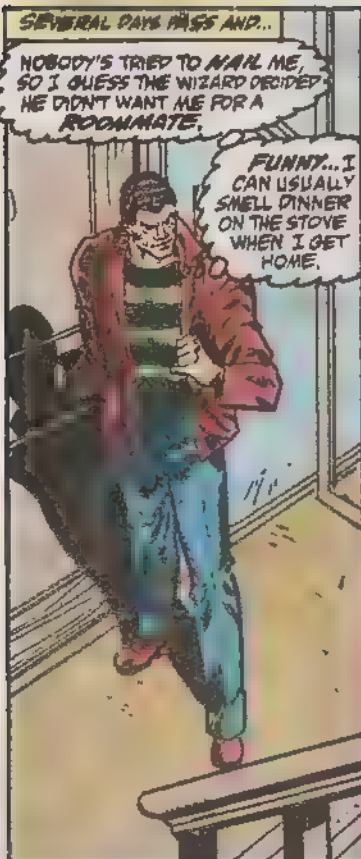
IF WE'RE ALL SO STUPID, WIZARD?
HOW COME YOU'RE PLANTING
TO THE WALL?

YOUR TURN,
HIPBOOTS.

S-S-STAY
BACK!

THIS S-S-
S-SETTING WILL
BLOW YOU TO
PIECES!





SEVERAL DAYS PASS AND...
NOBODY'S TRIED TO MURDER ME,
SO I GUESS THE WIZARD DECIDED
HE DIDN'T WANT ME FOR A
ROOMMATE.

FUNNY... I
CAN USUALLY
SMELL DINNER
ON THE STOVE
WHEN I GET
HOME.



MRS. BARBARA?

IT'S
CARLOS.

UPSTAIRS.



WHAT HAPPENED,
KID?

I THOUGHT
ABOUT WHAT YOU
SAID, MAN. REAL
HARD.

I KNEW I
HAD TO MAKE
THE RIGHT
CHOICE.



THE ONLY PROBLEM IS...
I MADE IT TOO LATE.



MY OLD BUDDIES
PULLED ANOTHER
JOB.



THIS TIME, THE
OWNER HAD A
GUN.

THE END.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

ROCKET RACER!

TONY ISABELLA
WRITER

ALAN KUPPERBERG
ARTIST

RICK PARKER
LETTERS

MARIE JAVINS
COLOR

JIM SALERNO, EDITOR
TOM DE FALCO, EDITOR IN CHIEF

WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION

THIS IS I-71 SOUTH
IN MEDINA COUNTY,
OHIO.

I'M BOB
FARRELL,
SORT OF A
BOUNTY
HUNTER.

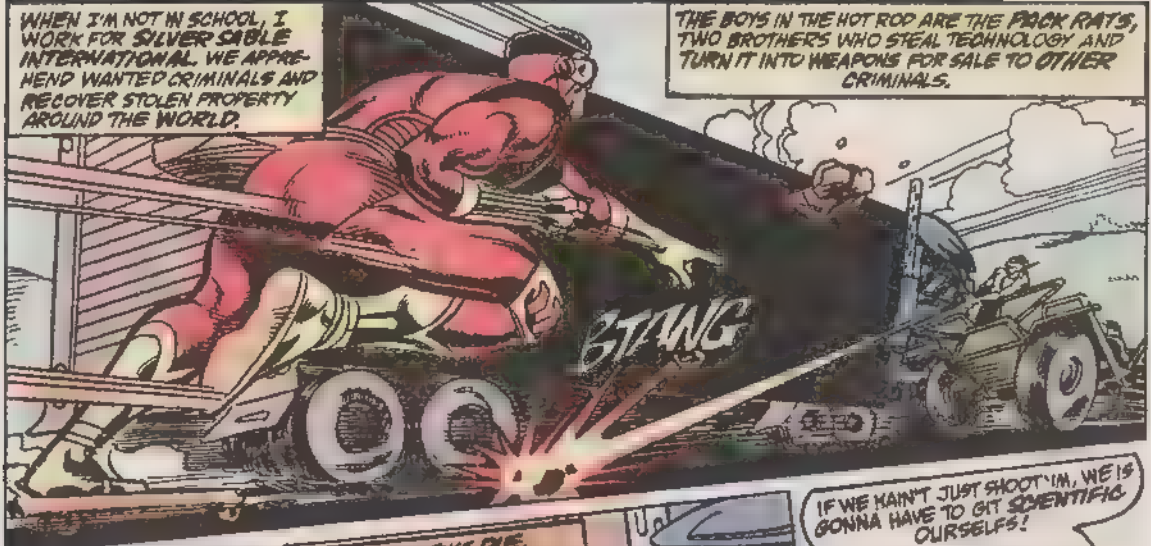
I CALL MYSELF
THE ROCKET
RACER.

ALL THE
GOOD
NAMES
WERE
TAKEN.

OH, YEAH, I'M
ON A CASE
RIGHT NOW.

WHEN I'M NOT IN SCHOOL, I WORK FOR SILVER SABLE INTERNATIONAL. WE APPREHEND WANTED CRIMINALS AND RECOVER STOLEN PROPERTY AROUND THE WORLD.

THE BOYS IN THE HOT ROD ARE THE PACK RATS, TWO BROTHERS WHO STEAL TECHNOLOGY AND TURN IT INTO WEAPONS FOR SALE TO OTHER CRIMINALS.



CHRISTMAS MUST BE A RYOT AT THEIR HOUSE.

"COULD YOU JUST DYE, HUBIE! NOW HE'S RIDIN' ON THE SIDE OF THAT BIG OL' EIGHTEEN-WHEELER!"

"WE'RE TALKIN' SOME SERIOUS SCI-FI GYRO-SCOPES ON THAT SKATE-BOARD OF HIS!"

IF WE HAIN'T JUST SHOOT 'IM, WE IS GONNA HAVE TO GIT SCIENTIFIC OURSELVES!

IF YOU KNOW WHUT AH MEAN AND AH THINK THET YOU DO.

AWW!

DANG IT, HUBIE!

AH KAIN'T HIT THET RACER FELLA NO HOW!

KEEP SHOOTIN', BERT!

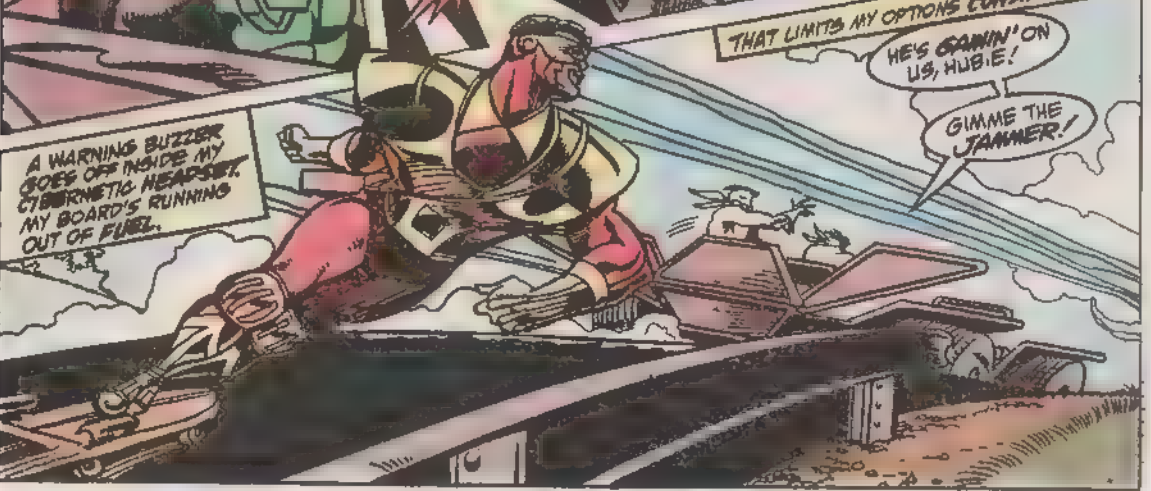
SHRAK

THAT LIMITS MY OPTIONS CONSIDERABLY.

HE'S GAWIN' ON US, HUBIE!

GIMME THE JAMMER!

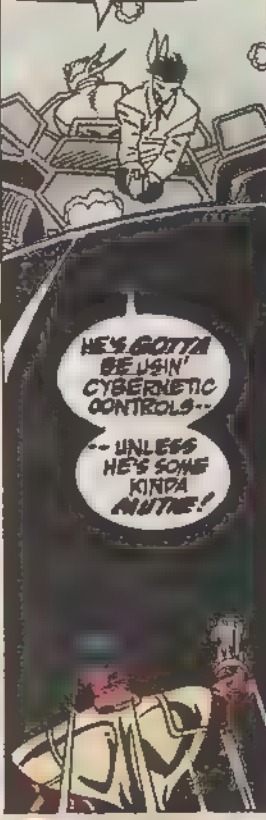
A WARNING BUZZER GOES OFF INSIDE MY CYBERNETIC HEADSET. MY BOARD'S RUNNING OUT OF FUEL.



I'M NOT **WILD** ABOUT USING MY MINI-ROCKETS ON THE RATS. IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO THAT I WAS THE ONE BEING HUNTER



AH HOPE YORE RIGHT ABOUT THIS.



HE'S GOTTA BE USIN' CYBERNETIC CONTROLS--
-- UNLESS HE'S SOME KINDA MUTIE!

I START PAYING FOR MY HESITATION ABOUT A SECOND AFTER BERT TRIGGER'S HIS NEW TOY.



THE ROCKETS GO WIDE...

BULL'S-EYE!

... MY BRAIN EXPLODES...



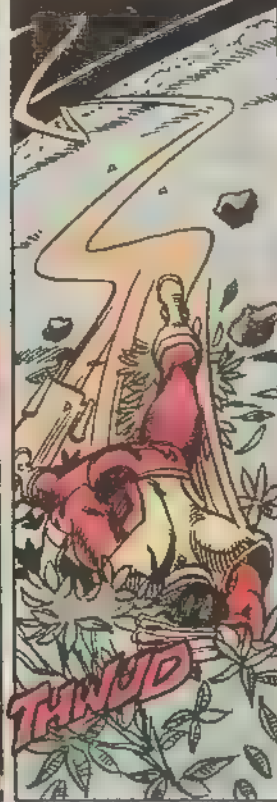
ARRSH!

... AND MY BOARD GOES ABSOLUTELY BANANAS!



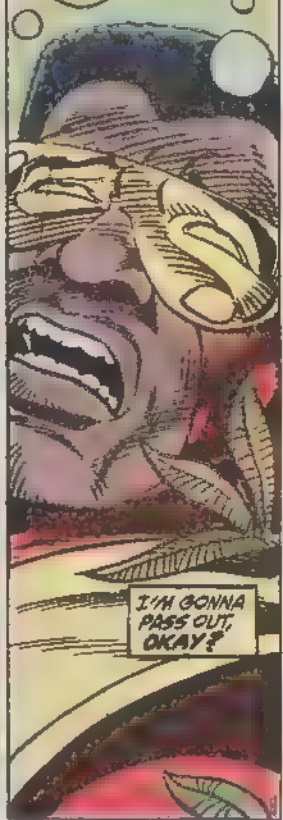
WHOOAAA!

THEY'VE GOT ANYLANDING YOU CAN WALK AWAY FROM IS A GOOD ONE.



THUD

THIS IS NOT A GOOD LANDING.



I'M GONNA PASS OUT, OKAY?

NEW YORK, TWO
DAYS EARLIER...

I WAS AFRAID
I'D BEEN LAID
OFF, SLUGO.

THAT'S MR. SLUGANSKI
TO YOU, FARRELL...

... AND I WAS MERELY
WAITING FOR AN
ASSIGNMENT THAT
SUITED YOU.

SOMETHING
RELATIVELY UN-
IMPORTANT.

BERT AND
HUBIE
PACKER?

NEVER
HEARD OF
THEM.

THEY STOLE SOME PROTOTYPES FROM THE CLIENT.

THE CLIENT
WANTS THEM
BEHIND
BARS.

COULD I PASS ON THIS?
THEY'RE JUST TEENAGERS.

ONE AND THE SAME IF
YOU ASK ME.

THEY REMIND ME OF ME
BEFORE I WENT STRAIGHT.

BUT MY POSITION ON THIS
FIRM'S EMPLOYMENT OF
EX-CONS IS WELL
KNOWN.

THIS FIRM HAS BEEN EXTREMELY TOLERANT OF YOUR
EDUCATIONAL AND FAMILIAL CONCERNS UP TO THIS POINT.
BUT IF YOU REFUSE THIS CASE --

-- YOU CAN TAKE
YOUR SILLY SKATE-
BOARD AND GO
DELIVER PIZZAS
FOR DOMINO'S!

ARE WE
CLEAR ON
THAT, FARRELL?

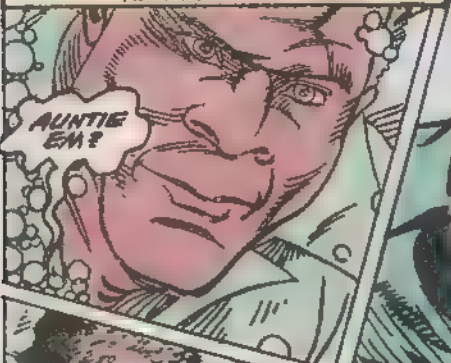
YES, SIR, MR. SLUGANSKI, SIR!

SHALL I KICK SOME
PUPPIES ON MY
WAY OUT, SIR?

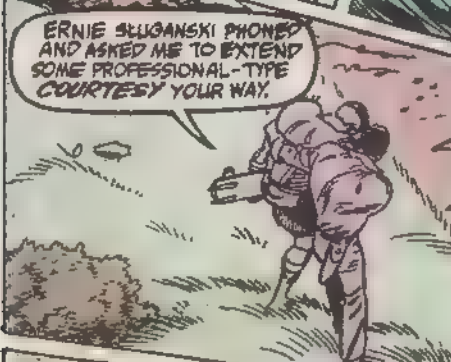
HOW AMUSING. PICK UP
YOUR PLANE TICKETS AT
THE FRONT DESK--

-- UNLESS
YOU'RE PLANNING
TO SKATE TO
OHIO.

SOMEONE IS CROUCHED OVER ME AS I COME TO. I TRY TO SAY SOMETHING WITTY. I GET ABOUT HALF-WAY THERE.



AUNTIE EM?



ERNIE SLUGANSKI PHONED AND ASKED ME TO EXTEND SOME PROFESSIONAL-TYPE COURTESY YOUR WAY.

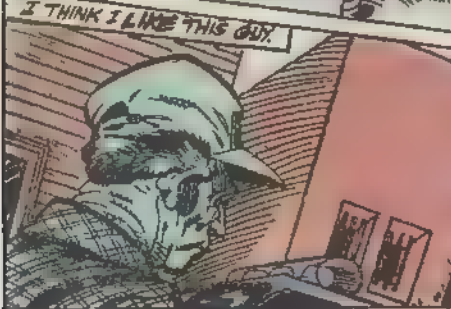
CLOSE ENOUGH. I'M SHERIFF TAYLOR.



THINK YOU CAN STAND?

HOW SOON?

SLUGGO ASKED THAT?!



I THINK I LIKE THIS GUY.

I'M THE ONE WHO REPORTED THAT THE PACKERS WERE IN THIS AREA.

COFFEE?

LET ME HELP YOU, THAT WAS QUITE A CHASE SOME.



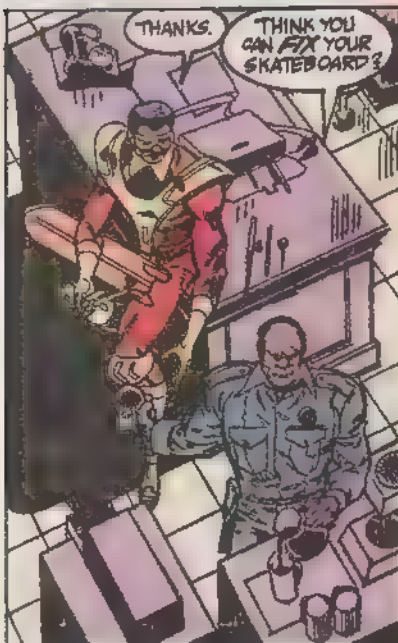
IS THIS AN ARREST?

RELAX, YOUNGSTER. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU AND THE PACKERS.

WELL, TO BE HONEST, WHAT HE DID WAS:

"AND, DON'T LET PARRELL MUCK IT UP."

HE WAS ALWAYS SORT OF INDELIBATE THAT WAY.



THANKS.

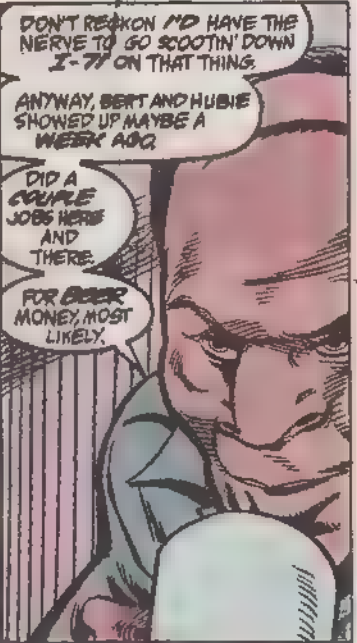
THINK YOU CAN FIX YOUR SKATEBOARD?



AS MY KID BROTHER WOULD SAY:

"AIN'T NO THING."

I BUILD THIS BOARD TOUGH.



DON'T RECKON I'D HAVE THE NERVE TO GO SCOOTIN' DOWN I-77 ON THAT THING.

ANYWAY, BERT AND HUBIE SHOWED UP MAYBE A WEEK AGO.

DID A COUPLE JOBS HERE AND THERE.

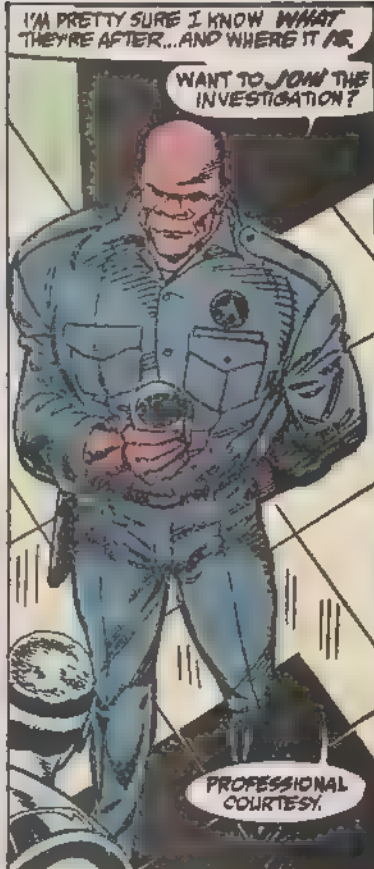
FOR BEER MONEY, MOST LIKELY.



DON'T TAKE THIS WRONG, SHERIFF, BUT WHY WOULD THE PACK RATE BE HANGING AROUND THESE PARTS?

ALL THEIR CUSTOMERS ARE BIG CITY TYPES.

I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT THAT...



I'M PRETTY SURE I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE AFTER...AND WHERE IT IS.

WANT TO JOIN THE INVESTIGATION?

PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.



I'M READY WHEN YOU ARE.

SO IS MY BOARD.



I RECKON WE'LL TAKE THE COOP.

OH...



WE DRIVE SO FAR OFF THE BEATEN PATH THAT THE ROAD BECOMES ALMOST A PHILOSOPHICAL CONCEPT. THE SHERIFF TELLS ME THIS RUNDOWN DYNER WAS KNOWN AS "THE BAR WITH NO NAME".

IT HAD A REAL EXCLUSIVE CLIENTELE.

SUPER-VILLAINS.



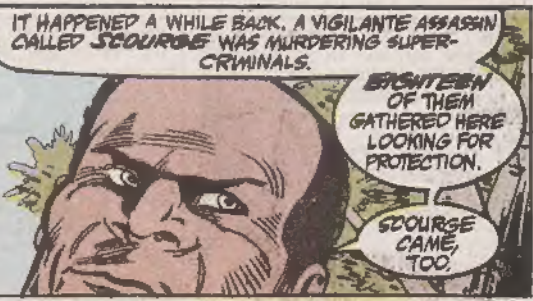
HE SAYS IT THE WAY SOMEBODY HISSES "VAMPIRES" IN AN OLD TIME HORROR MOVIE.

I KIND OF ASHAMED TO ADMIT I NEVER KNEW WHAT KIND OF PLACE THIS WAS.

UNTIL AFTER THE MASSACRE, OF COURSE.



MASSAGE?

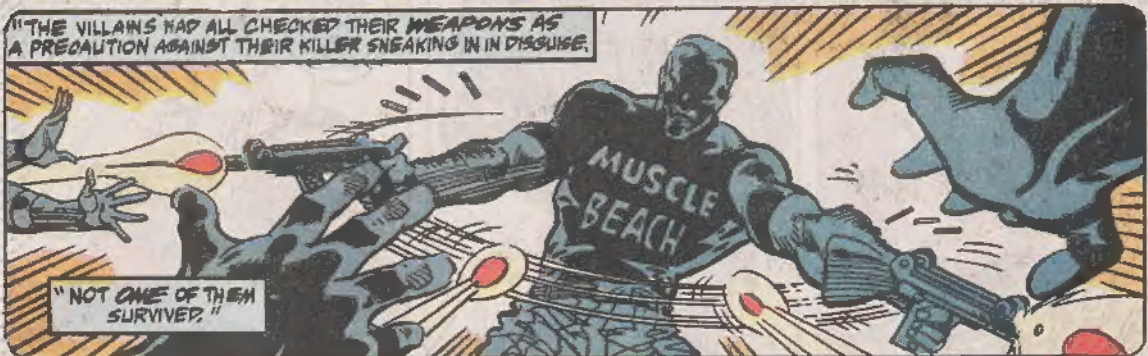


IT HAPPENED A WHILE BACK, A VIGILANTE ASSASSIN CALLED SCOURGE WAS MURDERING SUPER-CRIMINALS.

SEVENTEEN OF THEM GATHERED HERE LOOKING FOR PROTECTION.

SCOURGE CAME, TOO.

"THE VILLAINS HAD ALL CHECKED THEIR WEAPONS AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST THEIR KILLER SNEAKING IN IN DISGUISE."

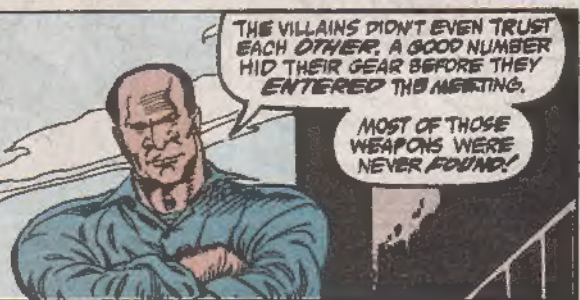


"NOT ONE OF THEM SURVIVED."



THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT THE PACKERS WANT!

THEY'RE LOOKING FOR THOSE WEAPONS!



THE VILLAINS DIDN'T EVEN TRUST EACH OTHER. A GOOD NUMBER HID THEIR GEAR BEFORE THEY ENTERED THE MEETING.

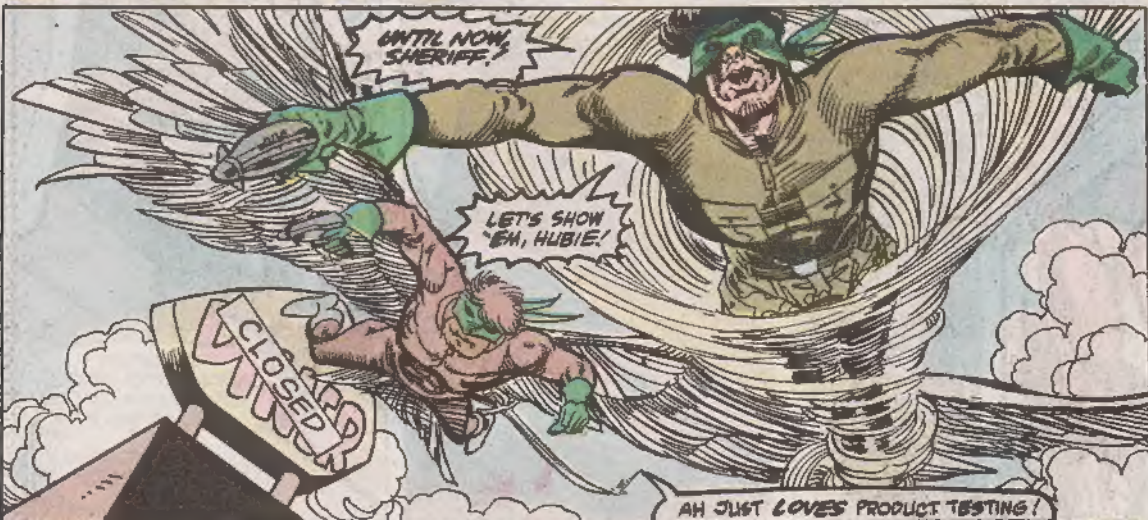
MOST OF THOSE WEAPONS WERE NEVER FOUND!



UHHH!

GGGNG!

CRASH!



UNTIL NOW, SHERIFF.

LET'S SHOW 'EM, HUBIE!

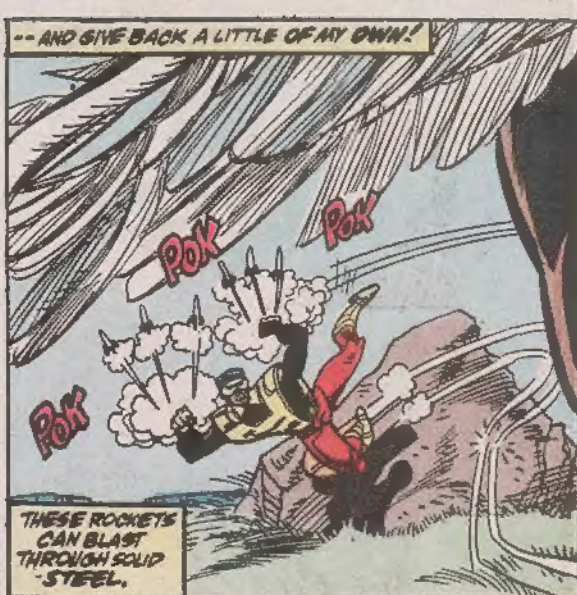
AH JUST LOVES' PRODUCT TESTING!



THE SHERIFF
IS DOWN.

I DRAW
THEIR FIRE
AWAY
FROM HIM-

BRUMP



-- AND GIVE BACK A LITTLE OF MY OWN!

THESE ROCKETS
CAN BLAST
THROUGH SOLID
STEEL.



HUBIE'S LUCKY I ONLY WANTED
TO-- EXCUSE ME-- WINGS HIM.

DARE YOU,
RAGER!

THESE
WERE MUH
FAVORITES!



YOU SHOT MUH BROTHER DOWN!

THAT
TICKS
ME
OFF!

DOES HE EXPECT
AN APOLOGY?



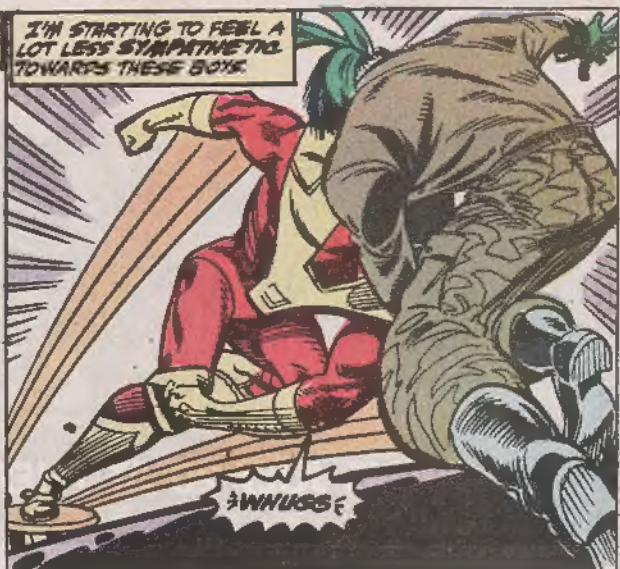
FIRST, AH'M SONNA JAM
YORE CYBERNETICS.

THEN AH'M
SONNA HURT
YOU REAL
BAD.



I FIGURED THEY'D TRY THIS AGAIN, SO I CHANGED
MY HEADSET FREQUENCY WHEN I REPAIRED MY
BOARD.

IT HURTS
LIKE HELL.



I'M STARTING TO FEEL A
LOT LESS SYMPATHETIC
TOWARDS THESE BOYS.

WHUUSE

THAT WERE A PRETTY GOOD ONE, RACER.

YOU READY TO GIVE UP?

TAINT LIKELY.

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT.

HE SAYS SOMETHING ELSE, BUT I CAN'T HEAR HIM IN THE RAGE OF THE WIND.

IT'S SOME SORT OF TORNADO MACHINE.

I TRY ONE OF MY ROCKET-POWERED PUNCHES.

I MISS HIS JAW, HIT HIS CHEST.

OFF-HAND, I'D SAY IT WAS THE CONTROL DEVICE.

YEOWWWW!

SOMETHING BREAKS.

AH, LIKE THIS SWORD. IT MAKES YOU DANCE AROUND LIKE A TOADY-FROG ONNA HOT PLATE.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, RACER!

HOW COME ALL I CAN REMEMBER IS "NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.."



YIH!!!

HUH?



WHOA! THIS THING'S GOT QUITE A KICK TO IT!

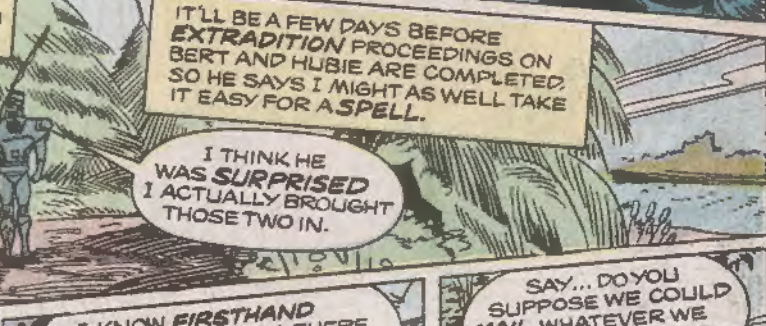


THERE'S NOT A WHOLE LOT OF FIGHT LEFT IN HUBIE AFTER THAT.



THE NEXT MORNING, SHERIFF TAYLOR TAKES ME -- ARE YOU READY FOR THIS -- FISHING.

SLUGANSKI! SOUNDED ALMOST CIVIL.



IT'LL BE A FEW DAYS BEFORE EXTRADITION PROCEEDINGS ON BERT AND HUBIE ARE COMPLETED, SO HE SAYS I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE IT EASY FOR A SPELL.

I THINK HE WAS SURPRISED I ACTUALLY BROUGHT THOSE TWO IN.



I SUPPOSE YOU DID FEEL A KINSHIP TOWARD THAT PAIR

I WON'T DENY IT.



I KNOW FIRSTHAND WHAT DRIVES THEM. THERE AREN'T TOO MANY CHANCES OUT THERE FOR SOME OF US.

BUT THERE ARE BETTER WAYS TO GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD.

MAYBE THE PACKERS WILL LEARN THAT SOMEDAY.



SAY... DO YOU SUPPOSE WE COULD MAIL WHATEVER WE CATCH BACK TO MR. SLUGANSKI?

...REAL SLOW?

THE ROCKET RACER RETURNS IN AN ALL-NEW ADVENTURE IN MARVEL TALES 242